Vegetable Clydella
AZA

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

DECEMBER 1920

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
DECEMBER, 1920.

The Madness of the Arts

By W. R. Titterton

PART I

1

In the beginning was the Word, was God,
And God said, "Let there be light," and lo! light was.
And God said, "Man"—and man walked in the garden.
And God gave man God's greatest gift—the Word.
The Word! The Word! that killeth and maketh alive!
The Word! The Word! flame in the heart of God!
Therefore we all bow down before the Unnameable Name,
Which in man's heart is a silence,
And in God's heart a flame.

2

But a wind blows from the East,
And a Voice cries in the wind,
And tall trees clash in the storm,
And great waves top the shore.
The soul of man from bonds released,
And eyes to the blind,
And these foredoomed to the worm
That are slaves no more.

City—temple and mart—
And a sea with pregnant ships;
Fields where the brown stalks bow
To let the whisper pass;

And a man with a hungry heart,
And a maid with her soul on her lips;
And the calm kine that low
In the trodden grass.

City of turrets and spires—
The shape of the Word made stone,
Stone that has pulse to quicken,
To loosen its jubilant wings;
City of clustering fires,
Each with its ingle-throne,
And the sound of a harp stricken,
A voice that sings.

The sound of a call—
And the clang of steel.
The clatter of iron heel
On the city wall;
The roar of banners that reel
In the winds of death;
And the sharp breath—
The Word, the cry let fall;
Here where they die and quicken
The sound of a harp stricken
And a trumpet call.
The sound of a harp and the clash of a sword—
The Word come down to man!
Hear, O ye deaf to the Word
How the Word began.

3

Age upon age have we builded our temple of song—
With gargoyles merry and lewd,—
But the niche for the saint was there.
We carved for a mason's wage, and thought no wrong,
For our handiwork treasured the rood
And an altar-stair.
We press'd our heart in a cup,
And squeezed it dry;
And painted Madonna and saint with our heart's blood;
We pressed our heart on the keys; and spiring high
The voice of the gift rose up
To the gates of God.

O cry of the bruised reed,
Cry of the God in man! . . . .
Ye that will not heed,
That mock at the Word,
Hear how the Word began!

4

But chiefly, O poet, God's vassal, God's trumpet, unstopped,
To thee is the burden given, the power, the joy and the anguish.
Thou with unrestful feet the Word drives to creation;
O thou miraculous mouth,
Hands torn by the strings!
Thou with desire of life, and the passion of death made perfect,
Thou with a rose for a heart, and a dream in the heart of the rose.
Thou with bugles saluting the sea, and trumpets that shout to the mountains,
Thou with the drums—
Drums of thy blood—
Summoning drums—
Drums of defeat!
Thou with the wild cry, the huge unquenchable laughter,
Lust of the fight! and the plain heaped with the slain,
And thou afar in thy thicket of dreams, lulled by thy pipe and thy lyre.

The drums of defeat; the cries—"betrayed! forsaken!"
Song of the broken heart and the bitter sponge;
Anguish, the blank to-day, the hopeless to-morrow—
These, O poet, these, too, are thy portion.
Anger—the gnawing fever; malice—the crawling snake;
And the wild storm that blackens the face of the soul . . .
Out of the fret and the fever a song arises—
A sob, a cry, a carol.
And the rower chained to the bench, the slave on his heap of straw,

The mat-haired groper for light, the flame-eyed beast of prey
Hear like bells chiming their heart's old fever—
Like far sweet bells, chiming, fading away.

5

Shout, shout aloud for the clutch of lust in the battle,
And a grey bird calling high, high in the air!
Pipe, shy reed, for her eyes, her lips in the twilight!
A star falls, a star falls; and the night hides in her hair.

Pipe, pipe high! for the wings drive up in the morning;
And love's arm loosens with a long glad sigh,
Shout, shout aloud! for the spear and the sword are shaken;
And one kneels alone, humble, ready to die.

I have seen hedged ranks, lean ranks go marching,
And the poet marched before them juggling with his sword.
I have seen the English arrows like a sudden flight of swallows,
And the poet tuned a ballad to the cord.
I have seen tall ships that were bound for mad adventure,
Down below the sky-line where the night-shapes are,
And the poet conned the course from the crow's-nest, singing:
"Here we go adventuring,
Adventuring, adventuring,
Here we go adventuring, here we go to war.
Adam hunts concessions,
And Jacob peddles merchandize,
But the poet goes adventuring,
Adventuring, adventuring,
The poet goes adventuring beyond the farthest star."

But a bird sings in the brake, and the poet, the lover
Hearkens, and builds up a song for the bird in the brake,
Whose nest the storms of the world cannot discover,
Yet the breezes shake.

The slow wheel turns
Of the wain come home from harvest;
The ripe wheat burns
Like a sun-burst on the wain;
And the poet up aloft,
Brown-limbed and flushed and glorious,
Leaning on his fork, sings:
"Here we come from harvesting,
John, James and Margery from harvesting the grain."

And a big moon in the blue arises and whispers;
And the chink of the mugs on the ale-bench echoes the
Word again.

6

This was the poet's patent-royal:
To sing of life and death, of Hell and Heaven;
And out of sorrow, bitterness and joy
To build his Hallelujahs.
At his touch
The desperate, the grinning mask fell off,
And showed God's hall-mark on the virgin soul.
He piped—
And lo! all discords were resolved;
He sang his broken heart—
And justified the ways of God to man.

Fearless he led us where the coiled snakes lay;
He showed us festering swamps, blind wildernesses;
He noted where the jackal snarled and snapped,
And tore the life out of a nobler brute.
His eyes regarded where the pig's-snout peered;
He showed us man—man self-betrayed,
Baffled by circumstance, broken—but unsubdued.
He showed us women—visionary, chaste—
Gaps in the murk wherefrom God's eyelids smiled.

He heard tears falling, falling everywhere;
He saw the clean besmirched, the true betrayed;
Treason enthroned . . . .
And evermore God blew
A challenge through the trumpet of his lips,

That blended in the eternal orchestra,
Among the clashing cymbals of the spheres.

And so that Lilliputian stage of his
Bore witness to God's laws—
God's universal laws. The casual fact
Became significant.
The veriest stage-prop was a burning bush;
Nor did the sun and moon, the planetary orbs,
Nor yet the guardians of the Milky Way
Disdain to work his limelight in the wings;
Though the encompassing earth were else too cramp
To frame one flight of Shelley's ecstasy,
Or net one heart's-throb of the grief of Lear.

* * * * * * *

7

But all the oracles are dumb to-day,
And all the stars that were our ministers
Glitter a million million miles away.
And all the tribe that were God's choristers
Only a certain evil rapture stirs
To praise the devil with a sprawl of clay—
Fashioned haphazard as the mood occurs
To those poor doddering toddlers at their play.

The long day's over, and the red sun dips;
The night grows chill; mad mirage walks the earth
They light no tavern-lanterns for their mirth,
No tossing signal from their out-bound ships.
Lust and the night have shut the gates of birth;
And God has torn his trumpet from his lips.

(End of Part I.)

(To be continued.)

Chinese Magic (ii)

By Algernon Blackwood

III

To say that he was bored during the meal were an overstatement of Dr. Francis' mental condition, but to say that he was half-bored seemed the literal truth; for one half of him, while he ate his steak and savoury and watched Farque manipulating *chou chop suey* and *chou om dong* most cleverly with chop-sticks, was too preoccupied with his own new romance to allow the other half to give its full attention to the conversation.

He had entered the room, however, with a distinct quickening of what may be termed his instinctive and infallible sense of diagnosis. That last remark of his friend's had stimulated him. He was aware of surprise, curiosity, and impatience. Willy-nilly, he began automatically to study him with a profounder interest. Something, he gathered, was not quite as it should be in Edward Farque's mental composition. There was what might be called loosely an elusive emotional disturbance. He began to wonder and to watch.

They talked, naturally, of China and of things Chinese, for the scholar responded to little else, and Francis listened with what sympathy and patience he could muster. Of art and beauty he had hitherto known little, his mind was practical and utilitarian. He now learned that all art was derived from China, where a high, fine, subtle culture had reigned since time immemorial. Older than Egypt was their wisdom. When the Western races were eating one another, before Greece was even heard of, the Chinese had reached a level of knowledge and achievement that few realised. Never had they, even in earliest times, been deluded by anthropomorphic conceptions of the Deity, but perceived in everything the expressions of a single whole whose giant activities they reverently worshipped. Their contempt for the Western scurry after knowledge, wealth,

machinery, was justified, if Farque was worthy of belief. He seemed saturated with Chinese thought, art, philosophy, and his natural bias towards the celestial race and hardened into an attitude to life that had now become ineradicable.

"They deal, as it were, in essences," he declared; "they discern the essence of everything, leaving out the superfluous, the unessential, the trivial. Their pictures alone prove it. Come with me," he concluded, "and see the 'Earthly Paradise,' now in the British Museum. It is like Botticelli, but better than anything Botticelli ever did. It was painted"—he paused for emphasis—"600 years B.C."

The wonder of this quiet, ancient civilisation, a sense of its depth, its wisdom, grew upon his listener as the enthusiastic poet described its charm and influence upon himself. He willingly allowed the enchantment of the other's Paradise to steal upon his own awakened heart. There was a good deal Francis might have offered by way of criticism and objection, but he preferred on the whole to keep his own views to himself, and to let his friend wander unhindered through the mazes of his passionate evocation. All men, he well knew, needed a dream to carry them through life's disappointments, a dream that they could enter at will and find peace, contentment, happiness. Farque's dream was China. Why not? It was as good as another, and a man like Farque was entitled to what dream he pleased.

"And their women?" he inquired at last, letting both halves of his mind speak together for the first time.

But he was not prepared for the expression that leaped upon his friend's face at the simple question. Nor for his method of reply. It was no reply, in point of fact. It was simply an attack upon all other types of woman, and upon the white, the English, in particular—their emptiness, their triviality, their want of intuitive imagination, of spiritual grace, of everything, in a word, that should constitute woman a meet companion for man, and a little higher than the angels into the bargain. The doctor listened spell-bound. Too humorous to be shocked, he was, at any rate, disturbed by what he heard, displeased a little, too. It threatened too directly his own new tender dream.

Only with the utmost self-restraint did he keep his

temper under, and prevent hot words he would have regretted later from tearing his friend's absurd claim into ragged shreds. He was wounded personally as well. Never now could he bring himself to tell his own secret to him. The outburst chilled and disappointed him. But it had another effect—it cooled his judgment. His sense of diagnosis quickened. He divined an *idée fixe*, a mania possibly. His interest deepened abruptly. He watched. He began to look about him with more wary eyes, and a sense of uneasiness, once the anger passed, stirred in his friendly and affectionate heart.

They had been sitting alone over their port for some considerable time, the servant having long since left the room. The doctor had sought to change the subject many times without much success, when suddenly Farque changed it for him.

"Now," he announced, "I'll tell you something," and Francis guessed that the professional questions were on the way at last. "We must pity the living, remember, and part with the dead. Have you forgotten old Shan-Yu?"

The forgotten name came back to him, the picturesque East End dealer of many years ago. "The old merchant who taught you your first Chinese? I do recall him dimly, now you mention it. You made quite a friend of him, didn't you? He thought very highly of you—ah, it comes back to me now—he offered something or other very wonderful in his gratitude, unless my memory fails me?"

"His most valuable possession," Farque went on, a strange look deepening on his face, an expression of mysterious rapture, as it were, and one that Francis recognised and swiftly pigeon-holed in his now attentive mind.

"Which was?" he asked sympathetically. "You told me once, but so long ago that really it's slipped my mind. Something magical, wasn't it?" He watched closely for his friend's reply.

Farque lowered his voice to a whisper almost devotional:

"The Perfume of the Garden of Happiness," he murmured, with an expression in his eyes as though the mere recollection gave him joy. "'Burn it,' he told me, 'in a brazier; then inhale. You will enter the Valley of a

Thousand Temples wherein lies the Garden of Happiness, and there you will meet your Love. You will have seven years of happiness with your Love before the Waters of Separation flow between you. I give this to you who alone of men here have appreciated the wisdom of my land. Follow my body towards the Sunrise. You, an Eastern soul in a barbarian body, will meet your Destiny.'"

The doctor's attention, such is the power of self-interest, quickened amazingly as he heard. His own romance flamed up with power. His friend—it dawned upon him suddenly—loved a woman.

"Come," said Farque, rising quietly, "we will go into the other room, and I will show you what I have shown to but one other in the world before. You are a doctor," he continued, as he led the way to the silk-covered divan where golden dragons swallowed crimson suns, and wonderful jade horses hovered near. "You understand the mind and nerves. States of consciousness you also can explain, and the effect of drugs is, doubtless, known to you." He swung to the heavy curtains that took the place of door, handed a lacquered box of cigarettes to his friend, and lit one himself. "Perfumes, too," he added, "you probably have studied, with their extraordinary evocative power." He stood in the middle of the room, the green light falling on his interesting and thoughtful face, and for a passing second Francis, watching keenly, observed a change flit over it and vanish. The eyes grew narrow and slid tilted upwards, the skin wore a shade of yellow underneath the green from the lamp of jade, the nose slipped back a little, the cheek-bones forward.

"Perfumes," said the doctor, "no. Of perfumes I know nothing, beyond their interesting effect upon the memory. I cannot help you there. But you, I suspect," and he looked up with an inviting sympathy that concealed the close observation underneath, "you, yourself, I feel sure, can tell me something of value about them?"

"Perhaps," was the calm reply, "perhaps, for I have smelt the perfume of the Garden of Happiness, and I have been in the Valley of a Thousand Temples." He spoke with a glow of joy and reverence almost devotional.

The doctor waited in some suspense, while his friend moved towards an inlaid cabinet across the room. More

than broad-minded, he was that much rarer thing, an open-minded man, ready at a moment's notice to discard all preconceived ideas, provided new knowledge that necessitated the holocaust were shown to him. At present, none the less, he held very definite views of his own. "Please ask me any questions you like," he added. "All I know is entirely yours, as always." He was aware of suppressed excitement in his friend that betrayed itself in every word and look and gesture, an excitement intense, and not as yet explained by anything he had seen or heard.

The scholar, meanwhile, had opened a drawer in the cabinet and taken from it a neat little packet tied up with purple silk. He held it with tender, almost loving care, as he came and sat down on the divan beside his friend.

"This," he said, in a tone, again, of something between reverence and worship, "contains what I have to show you first." He slowly unrolled it, disclosing a yet smaller silken bag within, coloured a deep rich orange. There were two vertical columns of writing on it, painted in Chinese characters. The doctor leaned forward to examine them. His friend translated:

"The Perfume of the Garden of Happiness," he read aloud, tracing the letters of the first column with his finger. "The Destroyer of Honourable Homes," he finished, passing to the second, and then proceeded to unwrap the little silken bag. Before it was actually open, however, and the pale shredded material resembling coloured chaff visible to the eyes, the doctor's nostrils had recognised the strange aroma he had first noticed about his friend's letter received earlier in the day. The same soft, penetrating odour, sharply piercing, sweet and delicate, rose to his brain. It stirred at once a deep emotional pleasure in him. Having come to him first when he was aglow with his own unexpected romance, his mind and heart full with the woman he had just left, that delicious, torturing state revived in him quite naturally. The evocative power of perfume with regard to memory is compelling. A livelier sympathy towards his friend, and towards what he was about to hear, awoke in him spontaneously.

He did not mention the letter, however. He merely leaned over to smell the fragrant perfume more easily.

Farque drew back the open packet instantly, at the same time holding out a warning hand. "Careful," he said gravely, "be careful, my old friend—unless you desire to share the rapture and the risk that have been mine. To enjoy its full effect, true, this dust must be burned in a brazier and its smoke inhaled; but even sniffed, as you now would sniff it, and you are in danger——"

"Of what?" asked Francis, impressed by the other's extraordinary intensity of voice and manner.

"Of Heaven; but, possibly, of Heaven before your time."

IV

The tale that Farque unfolded then had certainly a strange celestial flavour, a glory not of this dull world; and as his friend listened, his interest deepened with every minute, while his bewilderment increased. He watched closely, expert that he was, for clues that might guide his deductions aright, but for all his keen observation and experience he could detect no inconsistency, no weakness, nothing that betrayed the smallest mental aberration. The origin and nature of what he already decided was an *idée fixe*, a mania, evaded him entirely. This evasion piqued and vexed him; he had heard a thousand tales of similar type before; that this one in particular should baffle his unusual skill touched his pride. Yet he faced the position honestly, he confessed himself baffled until the end of the evening. When he went away, however, he went away satisfied, even forgetful—because a new problem of yet greater interest had replaced the first.

"It was after three years out there," said Farque, "that a sense of my loneliness first came upon me. It came upon me bitterly. My work had not then been recognised; obstacles and difficulties had increased; I felt a failure; I had accomplished nothing. And it seemed to me I had misjudged my capacities, taken a wrong direction, and wasted my life accordingly. For my move to China, remember, was a radical move, and my boats were burnt behind me. This sense of loneliness was really devastating."

Francis, already fidgetting, put up his hand.

"One question, if I may," he said, "and I'll not interrupt again."

"By all means," said the other patiently, "what is it?"

"Were you—we are such old friends"—he apologised—"were you still celibate as ever?"

Farque looked surprised, then smiled. "My habits had not changed," he replied, "I was, as always, celibate."

"Ah!" murmured the doctor, and settled down to listen.

"And I think now," his friend went on, "that it was the lack of companionship that first turned my thoughts towards conscious disappointment. However that may be, it was one evening, as I walked homewards to my little house, that I caught my imagination lingering upon English memories, though chiefly, I admit, upon my old Chinese tutor, the dead Shan-Yu.

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon thousands of these trees, flooding the twilight of a spring evening with their sea of blossom, is almost unearthly. They seem transparencies, their colour hangs sheets upon the very sky. I crossed a small wooden bridge that joined two of these orchards above a stream, and in the dark water I watched a moment the mingled reflection of stars and flowering branches on the quiet surface. It seemed too exquisite to belong to earth, this fairy garden of stars and blossoms, shining faintly in the crystal depths, and my thought, as I gazed, dived suddenly down the little avenue that memory opened into former days. I remembered Shan-Yu's present, given to me when he died. His very words came back to me: The Garden of Happiness in the Valley of the Thousand Temples, with its promise of love, of seven years of happiness, and the prophecy that I should follow his body towards the Sunrise and meet my destiny.

"This memory I took home with me into my lonely little one-story house upon the hill. My servants did not sleep there. There was no one near. I sat by the open window with my thoughts, and you may easily guess that before very long I had unearthed the long-forgotten packet

from among my things, spread a portion of its contents on a metal tray above a lighted brazier, and was comfortably seated before it, inhaling the light blue smoke with its exquisite and fragrant perfume.

"A light air entered through the window, the distant orchards below me trembled, rose and floated through the dusk, and I found myself, almost at once, in a pavilion of flowers; a blue river lay shining in the sun before me, as it wandered through a lovely valley where I saw groves of flowering trees among a thousand scattered temples. Drenched in light and colour, the Valley lay dreaming amid a peaceful loveliness that woke what seemed impossible, unrealisable longings in my heart. I yearned towards its groves and temples, I would bathe my soul in that flood of tender light, and my body in the blue coolness of that winding river. In a thousand temples must I worship. Yet these impossible yearnings instantly were satisfied. I found myself there at once . . . and the time that passed over my head you may reckon in centuries, if not in ages. I was in the Garden of Happiness and its marvellous perfume banished time and sorrow, there was no end to chill the soul, nor any beginning, which is its foolish counterpart.

"Nor was there loneliness." The speaker clasped his thin hands, and closed his eyes a moment in what was evidently an ecstasy of the sweetest memory man may ever know. A slight trembling ran through his frame, communicating itself to his friend upon the divan beside him —this understanding, listening, sympathetic friend, whose eyes had never once yet withdrawn their attentive gaze from the narrator's face.

"I was not alone," the scholar resumed, opening his eyes again, and smiling out of some deep inner joy. "Shan-Yu came down the steps of the first temple and took my hand, while the great golden figures in the dim interior turned their splendid shining heads to watch. Then, breathing the soul of his ancient wisdom in my ear, he led me through all the perfumed ways of that enchanted garden, worshipping with me at a hundred deathless shrines, led me, I tell you, to the sound of soft gongs and gentle bells, by fragrant groves and sparkling streams, 'mid a million gorgeous flowers, until, beneath that un-

setting sun, we reached the heart of the Valley, where the source of the river gushed forth beneath the lighted mountains. He stopped and pointed across the narrow waters. I saw the woman——"

"*The* woman," his listener murmured beneath his breath, though Farque seemed unaware of interruption.

"She smiled at me and held her hands out, and while she did so, even before I could express my joy and wonder in response, Shan-Yu, I saw, had crossed the narrow stream and stood beside her. I made to follow then, my heart burning with inexpressible delight. But Shan-Yu held up his hand, as they began to move down the flowered bank together, making a sign that I should keep pace with them, though on my own side.

"Thus, side by side, yet with the blue sparkling stream between us, we followed back along its winding course, through the heart of that enchanted valley, my hands stretched out towards the radiant figure of my love, and hers stretched out towards me. They did not touch, but our eyes, our smiles, our thoughts, these met and mingled in a sweet union of unimagined bliss, so that the absence of physical contact was unnoticed and laid no injury on our marvellous joy. It was a spirit union, and our kiss a spirit kiss. Therein lay the subtlety and glory of the Chinese wonder, for it was our essences that met, and for such union there is no satiety and, equally, no possible end. The Perfume of the Garden of Happiness is an essence. We were in Eternity.

"The stream, meanwhile, widened between us, and as it widened, my Love grew further from me in space, smaller, less visibly defined, yet ever essentially more perfect, and never once with a sense of distance that made our union less divinely close. Across the widening reaches of blue, sunlit water I still knew her smile, her eyes, the gestures of her radiant being; I saw her exquisite reflection in the stream; and, 'mid the music of those soft gongs and gentle bells, the voice of Shan-Yu came like a melody to my ears:

"'You have followed me into the sunrise, and have found your destiny. Behold now your love. In this Valley of a Thousand Temples you have known the Garden of Happiness, and its Perfume your soul now inhales.'

"'I am bathed,' I answered, 'in a happiness divine. It is for ever.'

"'The Waters of Separation,' his answer floated like a bell, 'lie widening between you.'

"I moved nearer to the bank, impelled by the pain in his words to take my love and hold her to my breast.

"'But I would cross to her,' I cried, and saw that, as I moved, Shan-Yu and my love came likewise closer to the water's edge across the widening river. They both obeyed, I was aware, my slightest wish.

"'Seven years of Happiness you may know,' he sang in his gentle tones across the brimming flood, 'if you would cross to her. Yet the Destroyer of Honourable Homes lies in the shadows that you must cast outside.'

"I heard his words, I noticed for the first time that in the blaze of this radiant sunshine we cast no shadows on the sea of flowers at our feet, and——I stretched out my arms towards my Love across the river.

"'I accept my destiny,' I cried, 'I will have my seven years of bliss,' and stepped forward into the running flood. As the cool water took my feet, my love's hands stretched out both to hold me and to bid me stay. There was acceptance in her gesture, but there was warning too.

"I did not falter. I advanced until the water bathed my knees, and my love, too, came to meet me, the stream already to her waist, while our arms stretched forth above the running flood towards each other.

"The change came suddenly. Shan-Yu first faded behind her advancing figure into air; there stole a chill upon the sunlight; a cool mist rose from the water, hiding the Garden and the hills beyond; our fingers touched, I gazed into her eyes, our lips lay level with the water——and the room was dark and cold about me. The brazier stood extinguished at my side. The dust had burnt out, and no smoke rose. I slowly left my chair and closed the window, for the air was chill."

V

It was difficult at first to return to Hampstead and the details of ordinary life about him. Francis looked round him slowly, freeing himself gradually from the spell his

friend's words had laid even upon his analytical temperament. The transition was helped, however, by the details that everywhere met his eye. The Chinese atmosphere remained. More, its effect had gained, if anything. The embroideries of yellow gold, the pictures, the lacquered stools and inlaid cabinets, above all, the exquisite figures in green jade upon the shelf beside him, all this, in the shimmering pale olive light the lamps shed everywhere, helped his puzzled mind to bridge the gulf from the Garden of Happiness into the decorated villa upon Hampstead Heath.

There was silence between the two men for several minutes. Far was it from the doctor's desire to injure his old friend's delightful fantasy. For he called it fantasy, although something in him trembled. He remained, therefore, silent. Truth to tell, perhaps, he knew not exactly what to say.

Farque broke the silence himself. He had not moved since his story ended; he sat motionless, his hands tightly clasped, his eyes alight with the memory of his strange imagined joy, his face rapt and almost luminous, as though he still wandered through the groves of the Enchanted Garden and inhaled the perfume of its perfect happiness in the Valley of the Thousand Temples.

"It was two days later," he went on suddenly in his quiet voice, "only two days afterwards, that I met her."

"You met her? You met the woman of your dream?" Francis's eyes opened very wide.

"In that little harbour town," repeated Farque calmly, "I met her in the flesh. She had just landed in a steamer from up the coast. The details are of no particular interest. She knew me, of course, at once. And, naturally, I knew her."

The doctor's tongue refused to act as he heard. It dawned upon him suddenly that his friend was married. He remembered the woman's touch about the house; he recalled, too, for the first time that the letter of invitation to dinner had said "come to *us*." He was full of a bewildered astonishment.

The reaction upon himself was odd, perhaps, yet wholly natural. His heart warmed towards his imaginative friend. He could now tell him his own new strange romance. The

woman who haunted him crept back into the room and sat between them. He found his tongue.

"You married her, Edward?" he exclaimed.

"She is my wife," was the reply, in a gentle, happy voice.

"A Ch——" he could not bring himself to say the word. "A foreigner?"

"My wife is Chinese," Farque helped him easily, with a delighted smile.

So great was the other's absorption in the actual moment, that he had not heard the step in the passage that his host had heard. The latter stood up suddenly.

"I hear her now," he said. "I'm glad she's come back before you left." He stepped towards the door.

But before he reached it, the door was opened and in came the woman herself. Francis tried to rise, but something had happened to him. His heart missed a beat. Something, it seemed, broke in him. He faced a tall, graceful young English woman with black eyes of sparkling happiness, the woman of his own romance. She still wore the feather boa round her neck. She was no more Chinese than he was.

"My wife," he heard Farque introducing them, as he struggled to his feet, searching feverishly for words of congratulation, normal, everyday words he ought to use. "I'm so pleased, oh, so pleased," Farque was saying—he heard the sound from a distance, his sight was blurred as well—"my two best friends in the world, my English comrade and my Chinese wife." His voice was absolutely sincere with conviction and belief.

"But we have already met," came the woman's delightful voice, her eyes full upon his face with smiling pleasure, "I saw you at Mrs. Malleson's tea only this afternoon."

And Francis remembered suddenly that the Mallesons were old acquaintances of Farque's as well as of himself. "And I even dared to ask who you were," the voice went on, floating from some other space, it seemed, to his ears, "I had you pointed out to me. I had heard of you from Edward, of course. But you vanished before I could be introduced."

The doctor mumbled something or other polite and, he

hoped, adequate. But the truth had flashed upon him with remorseless suddenness. She had "heard of" him—the famous mental specialist. Her interest in him was cruelly explained, cruelly both for himself and for his friend. Farque's delusion lay clear before his eyes. An awakening to reality might involve dislocation of the mind. *She*, too, moreover, knew the truth. She was involved as well. And her interest in himself was——consultation.

"Seven years we've been married, just seven years to-day," Farque was saying thoughtfully, as he looked at them. "Curious, rather! isn't it?"

"Very," said Francis, turning his regard from the black eyes to the grey.

Thus it was that Owen Francis left the house a little later with a mind in a measure satisfied, yet in a measure forgetful too—forgetful of his own deep problem, because another of even greater interest had replaced it.

"Why undeceive him?" ran his thought. "He need never know. It's harmless anyhow—I can tell her that."

But, side by side with this reflection ran another that was oddly haunting, considering his type of mind: "Destroyer of Honourable Homes," was the form of words it took. And with a sigh he added "Chinese Magic."

Letters: Posted and Unposted (iv)

By Constance Malleson

POSTED

1

EDWARDES SQUARE,
December 8th, 1918.

ALL the letters that my imagination has made for you, all the phrases that my love has coined, every song that my heart has sung for you, these, all these, I would throw on to paper, and so lay at your feet.

But as I sit down to write, a shyness comes over me, because of this great wonder: that I am writing to You. Writing to tell you how infinitely I believe in you, and how I want the magic that is in your eyes, and the music that is in your voice, to be set free for the world. I want to see translated into action all the beauty and the poetry and the striving that is in your face.

Perhaps I can teach you, in life, a little of the whole that you can teach in art. The real artist is never a great showman, but the real artist does make good eventually. Dear Heart, one mustn't let pain deaden one. One must take pain in both one's hands and stab one's self into life.

I love you, and you can trust me.

MOYA.

2

EDWARDES SQUARE,
December 9th, 1918.

Just a line, my Dearest, to say "good morning," and "bless you," and "thank you" too. Thank you for coming yesterday. It was adorable of you, Dear.

3

EDWARDES SQUARE,
December 10th, 1918.

You will come home tired, and I want you to have this line to meet you, and to say good-night.

The whole of what you are going through has suddenly been borne in upon me; and it's as if I were feeling it all myself. I wish to God I could take your pain and bear it for you. My every thought is for you. I've been wondering if you were all alone last night, because if I'd known, I'd have come and worked with you. Promise me, that you'll ring up (Kensington 59334), when you're lonely or miserable, or wanting just to have another human being to talk to. I'll come to you anywhere, any time; you have only to say.

O, the hell that every human being has to go through; the awful burden of utter weariness and failure which weighs one down, which drives one back to despair, which is death in life.

Stronger than all these are two things, opposites: Love and Will. You have will; the will to live, to work, to achieve, to be yourself, to keep your mind magnificent and solitary. You have strength, the strength to go on, on through the emptiness, on to whatever lies beyond.

I don't think you really know all the greatness you are capable of. You have been too content. But I will hold you in my arms with so strong and burning a love that you will "look into the pit of hell and not be afraid." The wings of my love will sweep the burnished floor of heaven and fold you in their glory. There will be no height that you cannot scale, nor any depth that you dare not know.

* * * * * * *

I love the sudden smiling light that plays across your eyes, but I love better the deep lines of your face; the harshness, and the hunger, and the unflinching will to truth.

4

EDWARDES SQUARE,
December 12th, 1918.
Midnight.

The thought of you has come with me all the way as I walked home along the empty streets, out from the stretching shadows of your garden, across Westminster Bridge, beneath Big Ben, always the thought of you——

Some day, I think we will walk together through wide country spaces, your face level with mine, our feet treading

the road in time with each other, and with eternity. And we will eat boiled eggs in some stone-flagged inn; and when the sun has faded, listen perhaps to the wild sea birds making moan through the darkness.

I love you so infinitely, and believe in you so tremendously.

MOYA.

5

EDWARDES SQUARE,
December 14th, 1918.
Sunday.

Last night, when I sat down to write to you, no words would come; only tears. I had been to see Anne's show. Her performance just tore my heart. She seemed to go beyond mere pain and beyond despair. She thrust her hands into eternity—and something of the divine clung all about her. It was a thing of very perfect depth and beauty, a thing that will never quite fade from my memory, but will throb there along with the first time I heard Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; along with one night in Germany when at the end of a concert (the lights were already out), Kreisler stood up, and playing on through the darkness, made one feel that the extremity of all human experience had been reached, and life had nothing more to give. Dear, don't lose faith. You can build your life as you will. In every way. In work, in love. Have you lost your heart's comrade for a while, you will win her back again. Life is longer than most things, but there is a love and a comradeship that is for all time, and once found, always it comes back to one.

Dear One, Dear One, don't lose faith!

6

EDWARDES SQUARE,
December 16th, 1918.

MY DEAR, you must learn to talk things out. It's bad to keep everything bottled up inside. One goes mad that way. I want you to put the whole weight of everything on to me; all the pain and worry and difficulty. You can trust me absolutely. I want you to believe that. How dear you

looked last night! But I don't think four people with more criss-cross psychology than You, Anne, Maynard and I ever sat down to supper together. I wonder if you realise it?

Good night . . . Dear one.

7

EDWARDES SQUARE,
December 18th, 1918.

When you are depressed, I wish you could feel my two arms about your neck, and my lips wandering across your brow, and your head, *Cean dubh deelish**—resting close against my breast.

O, I would kiss the weariness from your eyes; I would fold you in my arms, and smoothing all the tiredness from your body, I would watch your eyelids close in sleep. Beloved, I adore you.

8

EDWARDES SQUARE,
December 19th, 1918.

Such happiness in your arms—I feel your kisses beating against my eyelids, and I remember the soft comfort of your cheek. What splendour beneath the powder-puffed sky!

My address:

Cliff Cottage,
Lynmouth,
N. Devon.

It looks from across the water towards Wales.

9

PADDINGTON,
December 22nd, 1918.

DEAR ONE,

Thank you for your letter. You are infinitely precious to me . . .

Bless you—

* Irish for "Darling black head."

10

CLIFF COTTAGE,
LYNMOUTH,
N. DEVON,
December 23rd, 1918.

The world this morning is full of soft rain and the white foam of the sea. A great peace comes from over the sea. I long to bring you here and stand with you on the little verandah, listening to the distant murmur of the waves. Addio—

MOYA.

11

CLIFF COTTAGE,
LYNMOUTH,
N. DEVON,
December 23rd, 1918.

I want to tell you everything that has happened to me since I left you. At the end of our journey, Barnstaple. Then, the joy of a big car. I can always relax completely in a motor (because I don't drive myself, I suppose). To the instinctive part of one, there is such glory in a reckless dashing to destruction. I love the smell from the hot living car beneath one, rising in sudden whiffs through the cold night air, and then the flashing glimpses of white-faced cottages and bushy hedges—— O, it's such joy to go winding one's way deep into the heart of the country!

At last, one sees the lonely gleam of the Foreland Lighthouse, and far below, the wonder of the eternal sea. But I won't tell you about the first sight of Lynmouth through the night. Some day, I'll show you. I wonder, will that day be soon?

12

CLIFF COTTAGE,
LYNMOUTH,
N. DEVON,
December 25th, 1918.

What have you been doing, reading, thinking to-day? My thoughts have been so much with you. I wanted to wire to you yesterday, but didn't; to-day also. I came down, as you know, with Maurice Maynard. Except for long walks, I read most of the day, and after dinner we

take it in turns to read aloud. There's one perfectly lovely poem about Ireland in that book you sent me. Thank you, Dear, for it.

I want to take you on to the hills, where the wind sweeps through one, and the whole earth is spread out beneath one's feet.

13

CLIFF COTTAGE,
LYNMOUTH,
N. DEVON,
December 26th, 1918.

Maynard and I have just come in from a really tremendous battle with wind and rain. The sort of rain that won't allow any dryness anywhere. I do love it! The whole countryside swept clean of cattle and of human beings. Only the great empty fields curving desolately, magnificently, to the sea. There's a house here that I'd love to have—Lee Abbey, overlooking Lee Bay. Above it, on the topmost point of a wooded hill, stands a solitary tower bounded on three sides by the sea; there, I would sit, and write (perhaps to you?) and sleep; high up, above the rocks, above the sea, above the world.

Listen, Beloved—When in the darkness my eyes are closed for sleep, my heart wakes sometimes to trace across the gloom the lines of your well-remembered face; the shifting lights and shadows, and the every expression of your eyes; my heart wanders away, far into the night.

(To be continued.)

Thus to Revisit* . . . (v)

Some Reminiscences

By Ford Madox Hueffer

The Battle of the Poets.

III.—*Vers Libre.*

I HAVE often had to curse my unlucky stars because there were no English words in which literary criticism could express itself. In our tongue you can criticise a fatted calf; a barren sow; a field of turnips; the performances of Tottenham Hotspur and—at any rate, very nearly—the strategy of the Duke of Marlborough. But not Pure Literature, Absolute Music, or the Plastic Arts considered in the abstract. There are no words . . .

And I have often cursed the fate that made me use—usually—a language that had no such words . . . But I am thankful that the two words that head this chapter have no Anglo-Saxon equivalent.

It would be interesting—I had almost written "but unprofitable," when it came into my head that to a certain type of writer it might prove one day quite a means of livelihood for a year or two!—to inquire whether we have no such vocabulary because no one has ever attempted Criticism in English, and so on . . . At any rate, there is no English Criticism, and no words with which you can translate even such cliche phrases at *cliché*, *progression d'effet*, or *chargé*. And yet to criticise works of literary art without the aid of equivalents of those phrases is like trying to teach a pupil to master the five-finger exercises without even a dumb piano on which to practise.

I will take the Reader to be an ordinary, decent man: a hangman, a bucket-shop keeper, a sporting tipster . . . Or my Great Aunt Eliza who, as I have fre-

* Copyright in U.S.A. by the Dial Co., 13th St., New York.

quently reminded a hypocritical world, was the originator of the deathless statement that sooner than be idle she would take a book and read. The fact is that Literature as it is practised—and still more, as it is commented on in these islands and in other Western and Eastern Continents, —is dull and incompetent rubbish. A Man—*Homo Europæus Sapiens*—is perfectly justified in ignoring all the products of us brothers of the dactylographic industry. Our poems are without "kick"; our novels without "snap"; the authors of our Serious Books—our Essays and our Biographies—would be better employed if they incompetently turned out bad vegetables in suburban allotments. (I believe many of our practical and scientific manuals are competent works. They find innumerable readers.)

The Public, in fact, is right . . . And the Public is always at least half-right; generally, it is right right through. The Public will read the real best books in enormous quantities; it will read also the real worst books in enormous quantities, for a short time, and as it reads its daily Press. That is quite right.

But what the public never reads is the Second Best Books; the precious products, the alliterative assonances, the derivative diatribes of Professional Provincialism . . . The Public, in fact, never reads Shelley, and is nearly always choked off Keats by the Spare-time Critic, who earns his living in Somerset House ticking off Custom House Returns.

You may say that Shelley never had a chance. He married—or, perhaps, he never really married—the most horrible woman in the world; he committed suicide off the coast of Italy; and almost immediately after his death his work was seized upon by Somerset House. You may say that Keats never had a chance. He had a beautiful spirit; he fell in love with—who has not?—with the most "ordinary" woman, wrote a great number of Love-Letters —who has not?—and almost immediately after his death his corpse was fallen upon by innumerable bottle washers, analytical chemists, and Half-Timers of the Board of Trade. Or it may have been by the Cataloguers of the British Museum. I daresay the Universities of Heidelberg, Goettingen, and Jena have produced a great deal of

matter going to prove that the profession of Livery Stable Keeper (Keats was the son of a Livery Stable Keeper), or the study of Pharmaceutical Chemistry (Keats was apprenticed to an apothecary) are tragically conducive to phthisis, decasyllabic verse, or the love of "ordinary" women . . .

But the Public will not read such stuff . . . Why should it? The life of Keats is less interesting, as a Life, than that of Charles Peace the Burglar; the Life of Shelley, the Adulterer and Atheist, is less sexually or satanically emotional than that of Casanova, or that of Gilles de Rais . . . You *cannot* get up an interest in the biographies of Shelley or Keats . . .

The most gifted soul that I have met in my career through this world was that of Arthur Pearson Marwood, the North Yorkshire—nearly Durham—squire's son who shared with myself the expenses and the odium of the ENGLISH REVIEW. I never knew why he shared them . . . He was a Senior Wrangler; had an extraordinary knowledge of the pedigrees and Public Form of race-horses, and had evolved a really infallible system (I have worked it) for defeating the tables in Monaco . . . I once discussed with him for an evening the characters of Shakespeare and of Our Redeemer. I was serious and pained. But he got eventually out of the argument by saying that both Christ and Shakespeare had for him the aspects of what used to be called Composite Photographs . . . First he had seen them with the features of the "English" Master of Clifton; and then he had seen them with the spectacles and uncombed beards of Professors Schlegel, Tieck, Hauffmann and Winterhausen, the commentators of the text of Shakespeare; or with the features —whatever the features were—of Strauss, who wrote the *Leben Jesu*, and of Dean Farrer who, in collaboration with the most delightful and humorous of pedants, Dr. Richard Garnett, wrote the *Life of Christ*.

And it seemed such a tragic thing that the beautiful spirit of Arthur Marwood should have the beautiful features of Shakespeare and of Our Lord ruined for him by one English schoolmaster and by innumerably pullulating professors that . . . I will not complete the sentence . . . Or let me put it that many—a great many—

of us have seen certain landscapes and certain ruined cities with certain familiar adornments. A great many—a great, great many—never saw any landscapes more. They were avenging for the awful and wronged shade of my friend Marwood the be-schoolmastered and be-professored visages of the man who wrote *Lear* and the Man who died on the Tree.

For if you turn Shakespeare and Christ into schoolmasters and professors there will remain nothing for you but Armageddon.

IV

And what made it all the more unbearable was that the master at Clifton, who taught Marwood to be bored—but . . . bored to distraction!—by *Lear* and the *Parables* was T. E. Brown, a very beautiful poet who hated his job. He was forced by the System to corrupt young minds, and so he made his bread, kept his family in respectable circumstances, and corresponded with W. E. Henley from the reputable suburb of Bristol and the Suspension Bridge!

There is something very symbolic about all this . . . Clifton is memorable because of its Suspension Bridge, one of those silly toys that were the wonder of the world, *Victoria Alberto-que regentibus*. It is detestable because there, in Clifton School, two fine minds were martyrised so that the world might come into the mould of Victoria and of Albert . . . Believe me, I am not wandering for a moment from my theme, which is that of *vers libre* . . . Two fine minds were, then, ruined by Clifton—those of a beautiful poet and of a Yorkshire squire who might well have saved the world by Toryism. (For, I take it, not being anything but a fanciful politician, that the world might be saved by Toryism, just as well as by Bolshevism, which is probably just the same thing . . . And I should like to say very quickly that I am saying nothing against the fine, conscientious men who made Clifton School what it is, or against the pupils that it has turned out . . . For it is certainly saying nothing against Arthur Marwood to say that he was rendered tuberculous by the fact that Clifton was a "cramming" school; and it is saying nothing against T. E. Brown to say that loyally he enforced the

Battalion Orders of the Force in which he had enlisted . . . I am saying merely that the Unit itself was damnable.)

Vers Libre, then, has nothing to do with any freedoms. It is—just as much as any Alpine, Atlantic or Equatorial exploring Expedition—dependent for its success upon Discipline and Conscience . . . That is why I am thankful that there is no English equivalent for those two words.

For, in Art, revolutions never make towards freedoms or freenesses; they make towards new disciplines, greater difficulties, and the solutions of problems more abstruse. The free-thinkers, the free-livers and the free-lovers are those who occupying, with no one to restrain them, Academic fauteuils, take liberties with the teachings of poets, freely revel in their poor love-letters, and batten on their remains until their poor beautiful victims become repulsive to all the world. For it was not Gifford—or it may have been Giffard—of the *Quarterly* who killed Keats; it was Buxton Forman; not the seventeenth-eighteenth century formalists who have rendered Shakespeare distasteful; not Pilate but Paul who killed Our Lord.

So do not believe that *Vers Libre* is Free Verse—or that unrhymed cadences are easier to write than sonnets . . . The tendency that has brought about this form, carefully prepared for by the unconscious strivings of many poets, became eventually a movement that has captured the whole world except the territory occupied by Anglo-Saxondom. But it is a striving for more carefully-weighed, more disciplined and exact expression, not for any freedoms. When Christina wrote *Goblin Market* in hobbling, short lines she was striving for far more exactitude than her brother ever even considered of; when Browning wrote his tortured metres, his verbally crabbed lines, and, to get eventually his last touch of dramatic effect, wrote just such a prose cadence as Flaubert uses at the end of a paragraph, he was attempting, as it were, to burst his meaning through the invented and facile absurdities of regular versification . . .

"And all this is our Duke's Country . . . " is just the "Plus de vingt fois on le crut mort" of *St. Julien L'Hopitalier*, or the "Comme elle était très lourde ils la portaient alternativement" of *Herodias*. Having a more

exacting, sardonic and agitated mind than, let us say, Gautier, just as Christina had a more exacting, whimsical and tortured mind than her brother, Browning racked himself, his line and his reader's patience, to get, not freedom, but a more conscientious form. And this is not paradox.

The facility of verse-writing comes from the fact that you allow yourself and claim from the reader certain indulgences. You begin by saying that the regularity of your line and the ingenuity—or the beauty—of your rhymes will excuse in your own eyes poverty of thought, digression, tautology or whatever it may be that in your verse shall need excuse. And up to a point you may be excused. But the dangers are very great . . . Rhyme leads almost inevitably to digression; versification, and particularly blank verse, in the hands of anyone but Shakespeare, leads inevitably to the introduction of superfluous words, in order to make up the ten or eleven syllables of your line. And it is the same with every other Regular form. The slightly jesting critic who wrote that instead of

> Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
> Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing

Pope would have done much better if he had written

> Achilles' wrath, to Greece the spring
> Of woes unnumbered, Goddess, sing!

uttered in his half-jest a tremendous truth.

I do not know if Pope's *Homer* is any more much read. I believe that the illustrious Professor Staub Trocken, of Tuebingen, has lately published a volume analysing the formats, bindings and numbers issued of this poet's rendering of the works of the blind beggar who had seven birthplaces. For various reasons, this volume is not near my hand. But I am perfectly certain that he might have quadrupled each one of his figures had Pope written eight- instead of ten-syllabled verse. For the perpetual introduction of two-syllabled and superfluous adjectives to make up a line acts like the continued droppings of water until it becomes unbearable . . .

Let me put it, if you will, in another way. Dante was said to know all the knowledge of his day—and many men

of his day may have had possessions as great. Southey had leisure to read verse like:

Li dous cossire
Quem' don Amors soven
Domnam fan dire
Di vos mas vers plazen
Pessan remire
Vostre cors car e gen
Cui eu desire
E cui non faz parven. . . .

And so on for innumerable stanzas, with only two rhymes—*ire* and *en*. But nowadays, to acquire all knowledge is other guess work. It would be pleasant to watch your poet piling rhyme on rhyme as did Guillem de Cabestanh—as pleasant as to watch a juggler with plates on the music-hall stage.

But for a proper man of to-day it is essential to know something about the form, let us say, of the entrants for the Newmarket Craven . . . I am not much of a racing man myself; I have never in my life put money on a horse and, please God, never will. But this is a department of life. To be a competent follower of a stable you must be expert in two of the most weighty and mysterious of all the branches of science and of human knowledge—those of the Doctrine of Chances and of Heredity. And there is the beauty of the limbs of horses and the knowledge of the ways of men. And not much time need be wasted on the matter . . . The dam of Signorinetta was Signora . . . And there was Sceptre . . . The beautiful mares! . . . So that it is not to be wondered that, rather than waste uncountable seconds on the dissyllabic-superfluous adjectives of Pope, right through the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, we should prefer quickly to master someone's *Guide to Form* . . .

This may appear a digression; but reflection will assure the reader that it is only an illustration. For it is merely so much as to say that too many poets ask for too much indulgence.

Let us return to the question of Rhyme . . . A certain poet, slightly of my acquaintance, desired lately to write a poem to the Pole Star . . . This is a very worthy subject for a Poem. By the Pole Star you may set your compass or your sundial; you may navigate uncharted seas, or get a five-point-nine exactly aligned on some one else's O.P. . . . The Pole Star has also shone in its firmamental place for

quite a long time—and it is really exhilarating and mysterious to consider that the Pointers always and always align themselves in its direction, or that it always and always broods over True North . . .

Some of the more romantic of these aspects of the luminary our poet desired to record in verse of the heroic type. He left out of his consideration, needless to say, the prismatic compass and the five-point-nines . . . He wanted mostly to state that the span of human life is at best but a short thing compared with the range of the aeons during which the Pole Star has hung in the heavens and been unobtrusively useful to denizens of the earth. He started on his poem, and about the fourteenth line ended on the rhyme "Forest." (He had been observing the star from St. John's Wood.) Forest is not a difficult word to find a rhyme for. Our Poet hit upon "sorest" . . . He wrote then the line:

When human dole is at its worst and sorest. . . .

This led him into a digression explaining what are the worst of human misfortunes. He described frozen widows in the wilds of the Bukhovina; to rhyme with that he found it necessary to describe rapes, arsons, artillery-plasterings and floods on the Dwina . . . This brought him legitimately back to the theme of the short duration of human life . . . His ninety-seventh line ended with the word "long." To this he found—after dallying with the substantive "throng," which would, of course, have let him write a great deal about the use by sledded Cossacks of the knout—he finally decided on the word "song." So he wrote twenty-seven lines about Sappho and the Isles of Greece. His theme was, of course, a very inclusive one; the North Star shone on the Lesbian—as it did on Miles Standish, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and the late Oscar Wilde . . . And at line 1602, remembering that so far he had forgotten to bring the North Star in very often, he wrote:

So thinking, sitting on the dash-dash ground,
What time the Star sheds dash-dash beams around,
I mused, and in my dash-dash dash-dash visionings
Saw mighty pomps of Kaisers (altered to Cæsars)
and of Kings
Proceeding on the dash-dash dash-dash way
Where pale the Pole Star pours his dash-dash ray!

So the poem ended! Apart from the poet's typewriting lady, his wife, his solicitor, and an unfriendly reviewer, his heroic verse found few readers . . .

What I should be glad if the Reader would gather is this: Our poet wished to write a poem about the comparative longevity of the North Star. He devoted to this topic eleven lines. The allurements of *Rhyme* had caused him, along with the necessity of *Metre* (he filled in the dash-dash's with appropriate adjectives before sending the MS. to the printers!) to write 1597 lines that were pure digression . . . Had he limited himself to his eleven lines he might at least have been interesting. Had he written four of *Vers Libre* they might have been immortal like

Heramen men ego sethen Athi palai pota.

But that would have been difficult!

The Blow

By Ada Leverson

FROM *Who's Who*:—

WILSON (*Stanley Garnet*). Born Wednesday, 1st April, 1882. Seventh son of Rev. J. Wilson, Rector of Dudbury, and of Ethel, Mrs. Wilson. Called to Bar 1907. Did not return the call. Lives for social duties in cultured leisure on his strictly private means.
Occupation: None.
Recreations: Wincing and letter-writing.
Address: Flat Y, 7 Dante Gabriel Mansions, S.W.7.

He might have called himself S. Garnet-Wilson. But he disliked display, and preferred to be just plain—no, handsome—Mr. Wilson.

One chilly Wednesday afternoon in the winter, Flat Y, "restrained," "subdued," even a little congealed, contained (on a green wall) a black-and-white reproduction of *Fear, Jealousy and Hatred* (Rossetti), some "quiet" furniture, a stationary bookcase (nothing revolving), and Stanley himself.

He did not *look* frightened; his large, noble, empty-looking forehead and dark wavy hair crowned "classic" features; and he had always the same sweet and serene expression. He was tall, strong and looked "distinguished." People often asked who on earth he was. But he was not vain; to be called a Greek god was no treat to him, and he was rarely photographed except in profile, with downcast eyes, standing on steps or seated, with a dark background, reading a book.

He liked books; not novels, but something that made one think. His favourite writer was E. V. Lucas. It was only when he had a temperature that he read Ethel M. Dell.

Stanley was wonderfully well. But he did not know this, and at times took care of his health by buying vague medicines, in case they might be good for him. He never took them, for fear they might be bad for him.

One unopened bottle was the only showy ornament in the flat. It was labelled, in huge white letters on blue :—

"METRODONAL."

(Composed of Hexametrine-Flexoline, Hermaphrine-Moxoline, and Crimate of Homo.)
137 TIMES MORE ACTIVE THAN MYTHIA!
(Absolutely useless; cannot injure heart, liver, or brain if taken in sufficient doses.)
Gold Medal: Franco-British Exhibition.
(Comm. Académie de Médecine, Nancy.)
Prepared by G. FARM, former Chemist to Veterinary Hospital, Nancy, France."

Stanley glanced absently at this bottle, and looked thoughtful as he got out a fountain pen and some rough-edged paper. He then put away an invitation card to a dance at Finchley Park (he hated ostentation), and began pacing the room "like a caged lion," though he disliked taking steps.

Until last Wednesday, this Juliet business had been the one exciting dream in that long sleep, his life. Then, like a seven years' lease, it had run out. How proud he had been in the old days—last week—of her exactions! Now he was surprised he had ever been thrilled at being "rung up" while shaving; since he disliked an agitated toilet, and always dressed very quietly. . .

Decorative, amiable, "intellectual," there was yet no great run on Stanley. A strong, silent man? Perhaps people nowadays prefer something weaker and more loquacious! The taste of the day is flamboyant; and Stanley was not. He had a slow, meaning smile when people talked to him of things he did not understand, as if he had something up his sleeve.

Women fell in love with him, but only at first sight.

After that glance at May he saw at once that Juliet was an entanglement. Until then, she had been a romance. If it were "whispered at the clubs" that it was "Platonic," Stanley had only himself to blame. He was discreet and thought to compromise a woman was "not good taste." No one, except Juliet, supposed it to be an engagement.

Whatever it was, it had now to be dissolved. (He didn't like the phrase "broken off.")

Stanley was epistolary; his fluent stylograph had written

many polished letters. When abroad he described the scenery, using phrases to Juliet such as "*à toi*" and "*compagnon de voyage.*" (Certain things can only be expressed in French.)

Dante Gabriel Mansions. Tel.: 6699 Kern.
Wednesday.

(1) DEAR MISS PRICE,

Circumstances over which I have no control . . . Acquaintance ripened into friendship . . . best for the happiness of all parties . . .You know well how I hate parting . . .

No good.

(2) DEAR JULIET,

Frankly, my feelings have changed . . . only friendship . . .

He sighed. Appalling! No defendant in a breach of promise case could be more obvious than the polite, refined, "superior" letter-writer, Stanley Wilson.

Fresh start. No beginning. (Old eighteen-ninety-five school,—romantic.)

(3) . . . You are one of those—too few, alas!—who are always followed by the flutes of the pagan world . . . Too soon you will forget one who . . .

Hopeless! He could not write when he had anything to say! Strange! He had, perhaps, never tried before.

. . . Flowers? Could he disappear in a cloud of rose-leaves?

No. Not practicable.

And then—how revengeful these cold, clammy women sometimes are!

. . . Vitriol?—Hardly. She was the daughter of a clergyman . . .

"No," he murmured, "only painful scenes, reproaches and abuse. Juliet is essentially a lady."

There was a loud, sudden noise, laughter and bounding footsteps..

He heard Eric's voice on the stairs. Blatant, cheery, but jarring, always, to Stanley.

Stanley was not intimate with anyone except Juliet, and had few men friends. He took no interest in sport, and never went to a club. He could talk—not much, but

adequately—only to women. Boys, however, liked to chaff him. Captain Eric Yule was his greatest friend. Then there was young Vernon, the poet. Stanley excused this boy's practice of wearing small boot-buttons as studs and of furnishing his rooms in black-and-white check as youthful foibles; for Vernon appeared to appreciate Stanley's *intellectual* side. They often had long talks that Stanley supposed to be literary discussions. Severe, yet open-minded, and down on what he called "the Modern School," Stanley would say judicially that he found Arnold Bennett "too futuristic." Vernon had even allowed him—once—to "speak" at a literary meeting. He had spoken, distinctly . . .

Stanley pitied Eric for his large possessions, his high spirits, his pink face and his yellow car.

Eric blew in usually to volunteer information in an unknown tongue, which Stanley pretended to understand.

"Tinketty-most-frightfully-tonk, old tin of fruit! I crashed off early, and thought I'd caper up here."

Eric disarranged the furniture, and threw on the floor some grey cushions, using them as a footstool.

Stanley passed the matches.

"You seem a bit fed," said Eric jovially. "At your books, as usual? You high-brow chaps! Have a cigarette or a bag of nuts?"

"Neither, just now, Eric."

"I'm a bit full of myself to-day. Bucked all to pieces about something."

Eric chuckled.

Stanley would not ask the reason of his joy. He feared Eric might tell him.

Stanley listened through a mist to words like "binge" and "blotto" and rattle about restaurants, for he knew poor Eric to be incapable of a feeling of reverence for anything human except one. This one thing was a head waiter. Devoid of social snobbishness, unconsciously almost an atheist, Eric became mute and crimson with pride when recognised in public by Luigi or Charles. . . .

"Really, Eric, I'm not a high-brow. I wonder sometimes what I am," said Stanley pensively. (He thought it mattered.)

Eric could have told him, but—

"Well, why not leave it open?" suggested Eric consolingly.

"Ah!" murmured Stanley, and he seemed to fall into a reverie . . .

Eric jumped up in his sudden way.

"Well, I must stagger forth! Buck up! So long!" . . .

His visit had "unnerved" Stanley.

He opened the door and heard the car, after some choking snorts, yelp down the street.

In the mirror he looked pale. He would soon, surely, be a permanent invalid . . . That was why he wanted to marry May,—a fresh, spontaneous girl . . .

But Juliet? Her "promenade" photograph, hair parted in the middle and showing the ears, faced him. Regal, conventional, all that he admired.

Poor girl!

He had taken her best years, and was ruining her life. He was heartless. The news would break her heart.

This made him more determined.

Stanley was not cruel; but he was obstinate, and all the arguments against it that he invented made him firmer. She was an obstacle . . .

He found a letter in the box. Juliet's writing. Mauve, shiny paper.

Another appointment, no doubt.

They had met very regularly. He would miss her.

For seven years, he had been at home to tea on the three first Wednesdays in the month, to her alone . . . The fourth Wednesday he would take her to a play, where he fanned her and explained the plot. They dined, not at the Savoy, and not in Soho, but at "Jules'" on Sundays. Last Wednesday both had been cool and absent. He was "run down." She had been sweet, but hurt.

He read:—

DEAR STANLEY,—

I cannot help seeing that you have changed to me, and think it best for the happiness of both parties that we should become merely friends; this will be a relief to you, and you will be glad, for me, to hear it.

I should mention I am going to be married quite recently on Wednesday next to your friend, Captain Eric Yule. I asked him to tell you, but

he may have found you out. It will be a very happy memory to us both, I feel sure. We are going for our wedding trip in a caravan on account of petrol.

With cordial thanks for your kind attention, believe me to remain, dear Stanley,

Your sincere friend,

JULIET PRICE.

P.S.—Am posting letters and photos. Excuse haste.

Curious! . . . Stanley felt, at first, merely a detached admiration of Juliet's work. How hard *he* had striven! . . . And with what result?

Women were wonderful! . . . This letter was natural as Juliet herself. It suggested delicate feeling, no rough copies, and just a little agitation. It was perfect. She was going to be married, quite recently . . . What did that mean?

. . . Then he was stunned. He had taken it in.

He was too angry to "pace" now. He remained "rooted to the spot." "What a woman!—what a woman!"—Ungrateful, treacherous! . . . He was madly jealous; he was furious. She had ruined his life. His heart was broken. She had taken the best years of his life and spoilt his future.

Never would he marry May! It would look like petty revenge, or pique . . . Besides, he couldn't stand May. As to Juliet,—well! He was an Englishman. He would do the right thing.

He looked vaguely for help at the green bookcase . . . What would E. V. Lucas do? . . . Big game?—But he couldn't shoot!

* * * * * * *

There was a loud report . . . .

Stanley had thrown the bottle of "Metrodonal" through the window.

Aristocracy

By Robert Briffault

In all social development that has ever taken place a practical antinomy is involved. It is this:—all human achievement has been the outcome of power wielded over the many by the few: all stultification of human development, all suffering and degeneration, have likewise been the direct effect of that configuration. That inherent practical contradiction is the thread of the Divine Tragedy of history; it is the knot of the crisis in its evolution that we are now facing; it is the basic perplexity of social meliorism.

Civilisation in all its aspects, thought, culture, art, science, the industries, all creation mental and material, have been made possible only by the power, the leisure, the opportunity of privileged ruling classes emancipated by their domination over the multitude from the sordid organic struggle, and commanding the labour of the many. All growth that is specifically *human*, raising man above savage animality, posits that privilege and that sacrifice; it can take place, therefore, in a social order only in which the many are servile and subservient to the developmental opportunity of the few. Apart from that social configuration man is and remains a brute savage. As Nietzsche put it—and we can here go the whole length with him in the bare statement of fact—"Every elevation of the type of Man has been the work of an aristocratic society."

And yet it is that self-same configuration which is the head-fount of all human suffering; and not of suffering only, but of all degeneration, of all failure in evolution.

Let us set aside the ethical aspect. When you say: "It is unjust, it is immoral, it is wrong that the many should be sacrificed to the few, and that the latter's fulness of life should be purchased at the price of the many's toil and degradation"—when you advance those ethical sentiments, the thorough-going Nietzschean will reply: "If human development, growth, achievement, evolution, demand that

price, then it is just, it is well, that even that price should be paid. Like the old men by the Skaian gates looking upon the beauty of Helen we say 'It is *ananke*, it is fate, it is just that thousands of Greeks and Trojans should perish for *such* beauty.' The upward urge, evolution, is the highest law; it is the categorical imperative of all life, of all existence, to which all other laws, all other ends, are subsidiary. The price does not count. If human growth be possible at that price only, then is the sacrifice a holy one; to hesitate to offer it is a revolt and a sacrilege against Life. It is good that the people should die for the few, for the one man, even that shall raise higher the type of Man."

It were hard to brush that argument aside with a clear conscience. The choice of Life lies between the upward and the downward grade, between evolution and degeneration; if the operation of the creative forces demand the sacrifice of the many to the few, then were it well that the groans of the victims should be drowned in the clang of our cymbals and the sound of our songs.

But the argument is a fallacy. Nietzsche and the exponents of the aristocratic ideal have seen a part of the truth; they failed to see the whole truth, the most significant part of the truth concerning the operation of social evolution. The evil that counterweighs the developmental achievements effected by the power of a privileged ruling class is not at all confined to the sacrifice represented by the subservience of the many. If that were the whole sacrifice the Nietzschean plea would hold. But the chief, the really important, the most nefarious and tragic evil is not *that*; it is not the degeneration and degradation of the multitude, but *that of the ruling aristocracy itself*.

That degeneration is an inevitable law. For all power seeks to maintain itself; and the conservative impulse is the exact opposite of the evolutionary impulse. A privileged ruling class, an aristocracy, develops, creates, achieves, but whatever elevation of the type of man it may bring about its ruling purpose is of necessity to *fix* that type, that is, *to arrest development*. To all developments achieved by an aristocratic order a rigid and narrow limit is thus inevitably set; the forces which bring about that growth generate at the same time their own arresting toxins.

From being evolutionary forces they become the most profoundly anti-evolutionary forces.

Every social order established by a ruling class is the expression of a given system of ideas, judgments, values. Let the initial worth of such a system be what it may, let those ideas, those judgments, those values be never so apt, efficient, right, true; by the law of all evolution they must in time become unadapted, inefficient, wrong, false. The power that gave them birth and that is founded upon them upholds and defends them. In doing so it is defending its very existence; and it defends it not only with the might and main, the desperate astuteness, of the impulse of self-preservation, but with the moral justification of all its ideals, its values, its conscience; for these are the ideals and conscience which it has itself created and is defending. Thus the self-same power which was the instrument of evolution, of the elevation of the type of man, becomes the avatar of all the forces which oppose evolution; the powers of progress become the powers of darkness, of reaction, of obscurantism, of devolution and degeneration.

And, in fact, all the forces that human development has to combat, all the obstinate forces that oppose it, all the falsifications of human thought, of human evaluations, all the inveterate unveracities that overwhelm the efforts of the race, are no other than those very principles and values which in the first instance organised the race, those aristocratic values, the foundations of aristocratic society. Every elevation of the type of man has been the work of an aristocratic society; every stultification of human evolution, every crippling of the soul of man, every force that tethers and drags down the type of man, is likewise the work of an aristocratic society. That configuration of every social order that has hitherto existed and whence has flowed every creative achievement of man's power, is likewise the Pandora's box whence is issued every disability and disease that human life and thought are heir to. That configuration has created all civilisations, and it has fatally doomed them; it has brought them into being, and has set upon them from their birth the seal of death.

Such is the vicious circle of all social development; the evolution of humanity is confronted with that practical antinomy.

Old Kant's famous doctrine of the antinomies—radically opposite conclusions, that is, to which logical reasoning equally strict and incontrovertible leads the human mind—is an exploded fallacy. There are no logical antinomies. Whenever logical processes lead to opposite irreconcilable answers to a given question, a fundamental fallacy lies at the root of such reasoning or of the premissed question which it professes to answer. Logical antinomies prove nothing but their own fallacy. There are no logical, but there are practical, antinomies. And, in fact, every step in evolution, every achievement of life, every triumph of man's means of adaptation, his mind, his thought, is the solution of an antinomy. Every human achievement is the realisation of what appeared impossible. To resolve practical antinomies is the very function of man's practical reason.

The antinomy of aristocracy which has been the refrain of all human history, the mechanism of civilisation's "cycles," of the rise and fall, growth and decay, birth and death of social orders, of empires, of civilisations, is likewise the haunting problem that bids all melioristic thought pause, checks its confidence and its hopes. Create your democratic, your equalitarian, your communistic social orders. Failing the evolutionary ideal of a higher humanity capable of anarchy, all order requires leadership, all organisation posits rule and direction, all labour demands overseership. Someone must be a —crat of some kind. Level, share out; to-morrow you will have men who prefer giving to receiving orders, overseeing to toiling, coloneling to ranking, foremanship to navvying, bureaucratic power to irksome service; to-morrow you will have rulers and ruled. Socialism, Communism, Bolshevism, will engender their own aristocracy—or at least their oligarchy . . . And the "cycle" will begin anew.

That is the stone wall against which all constructive meliorism dashes its head, the rock upon which in practice all revolution, no less than evolution, ultimately flounders.

The solution—there is always a solution to practical antinomies—is not to be sought in irrelevant tinkering, such, for instance, as basing a pious hope on "the influence of moral principles" (upon those, namely, who create moral

principles!). A solution is only possible by a very clear apprehension of the operation of the evil to be remedied, by facing the full force of the fact, and dealing directly with that.

The fact is this:—Power of leadership and organisation is supremely desirable, necessary, indispensable; it is the power that has brought about, and that alone can bring about, every "elevation of the type of man." All men desire power; that is what in the social order men compete and strive for; it is that striving and competition for power that has produced all social organisation, all social domination. But is that power which men seek, crave and strive for the desirable, the beneficent, the necessary power that "elevates the type of man"? It clearly is not. The power which "human nature" at all times has sought is the power to order one's dinner instead of catching it; the power to sit while others toil; the power to keep clean while others are begrimed; the power to pursue life's desires while others provide life's necessities.

That power—call it for short economic power—is the power which men seek and compete for; it is the power which in every social order rulers have sought, held and maintained. They have—when they have been true aristocracies, and not mere oligarchies—exercised also the other form of power, the beneficent power, the evolutionary power that elevates the type of man. But they have exercised the latter only as a means of maintaining economic power. And the degeneration of the elevating power, and consequently of all social orders, has been precisely the outcome of the subservience of that elevating power to the maintenance of economic power. The beneficent power has been subsidiary to the economic power, and has become diseased in consequence. It is economic power, not power of ideas, that men seek; it is as the necessary, the indispensable, means of exercising and maintaining economic power that they impose ideas, manipulate ideas, falsify ideas. Men do not seek economic power with a view to imposing ideas, but they are compelled to impose ideas in order to maintain economic power. The man, on the other hand, who merely desires to impose ideas does not do so as a means to economic power; he is not the ordinary man suffering from "human nature"; he is the exception, he

is the true leader. The two powers and the wills to the two forms of power are not only distinct, but opposite.

To the practical antinomy of aristocracy there is clearly a solution, one fundamental solution, and one only—to *sever the two forms of power*. No solution that does not fulfil that condition can affect the practical antinomy of the configuration; no solution which leaves the two forms of power conjoined can have any effectual remedial virtue. Whatever other principles and considerations are brought to bear on the constitution of social power, they are superficial, illusory, and ineffectual tinkerings so long as that fundamental condition is left unfulfilled. Power of leadership, power of organisation, power of ideas, the social and evolutionary power of a true aristocracy, of a rule of the *best*, that can effect the "elevation of the type of man," must be severed from the material power of economic privilege, of economic control, of gross material domination—severed absolutely and completely. Leadership can then be sought and prized for its own sake, for the sake of what is precious in it, for the sake of the living ideas that move and inspire it, and not as a means, an instrument of cupidity and domination. The ideas that rule will then be protected from the disease of power-thought, they will remain living, their life will be saved. Not only will their quality be preserved, but their power will be magnified a hundredfold, they will impose themselves upon the many, not to oppress them, but to raise them.

To-day the social order, the age-long social order that has constituted human organisation for some eight thousand years, the economic aristocratic rule is tottering. Nay, properly speaking, it exists no longer. What has always been no longer exists, can even never again exist. It exists no longer because we have no aristocracy. We have indeed an economic oligarchy, we have classes wielding economic power. But, except in darkest periods of transition and barbaric cataclysm, the world has never been ruled by economic power, by physical force *alone*. Physical force alone is so precarious a form of power that it is historically negligible; only for a moment can it thus contrive to maintain itself. Force without ideas at its back is powerless. It is not by force but by ideas, by ideas that were held sacred, venerated, bowed to and cherished in

awe and reverence, that all aristocracies have hitherto ruled. And to-day our economic rulers can no longer rule by ideas. Their ideas, their judgments, their standards, their values, far from being venerated and reverenced, are not so much as respected. The Englishman once loved a Lord; and in doing so showed his good taste. But who, pray, loves a profiteer? Our rulers command, as every ruling class has always commanded, every avenue of ideas, every "instrument of propaganda"; they command education, the Press, —even the "movies." And yet they cannot impose their ideas. The effect of their command of education, of the Press, is not to impose their ideas, but to bring education and the Press into contempt. Which means that our social organisation has to-day lapsed into the lowest degradation of ages of barbaric dissolution; it has lapsed back into the rule of force, of force pure and simple, of brute coercion unsupported, undisguised by any thought, by any idea.

That is from the nature of things a state of unstable equilibrium, a mere transitory phase in the process of dissolution. Subconsciously our *de facto* rulers know it and increase the pace. "Let us profiteer and be merry, for to-morrow we shall be hanged." Were we not wholly destitute of any historical science, and totally incognisant of the laws that operate in historical and social evolution, our social order held together by brute force and destitute of believable ideas would carry its death-sentence writ large upon its face, so that he who runs might read.

Change, profound and fateful, is upon us, is even now taking place. But whatever that change, its form and name, there will ultimately always be an aristocracy. The world will be shaped, organised, moved, inspired and ruled by the thoughts, the ideas, the evaluations of the few. Whatever the democracy, socialism, communism towards which man's thoughts and man's world are moving, they will be a form of aristocracy. And if fruitful and creative rule and power of economic domination remain united the same disease that has brought every human order to corruption and decay will fasten from the first upon the new order.

The time has come when the issues of human organisation are no longer to be decided by the mere blind play of uncontrolled forces or by the sweeping emotions of shib-

bolethic sentiments. Man's conscious control is extending; and as in the little problems of his existence, so in the larger and fundamental tasks of his evolving world, his deliberate thought and judgment, his knowledge, his instrument of adaptation and control is now capable of being consciously brought to bear on the solution of the practical antinomies that lie across the path of his development. Old, irrational axioms, concepts, values, the substitutes for thought which have hitherto ruled his world with their dead hands are being shed and discarded. This also, among other such atavic concepts, we must divest ourselves of—that the privilege of economic domination, the pomp of the priest, the fastuous trappings of the satrap, of the feudal lord, of the knight of industry, that wealth and luxury, are the inseparable badge and livery of the ruler, of the true aristocrat. It is not in the necessity of things, but in the circumstances which of old gave birth to human organisation that economic rule and evolutionary leadership have been combined. It is not in the necessity of things that the leader should also be a profiteer. It is, on the contrary, the very fact of that conjunction of conflicting powers which has hitherto cast down all human rule, perverted all leadership, frustrated all human thought, foiled all evolution.

If the charmed vicious circle that has hitherto strangled that evolution is to be broken, those powers must be severed.

The world is moved by ideas. According as those ideas are living, are true, are in harmony with the striving and exurgent world-forces, or are in opposition to those forces, unadapted, wrong, untrue, does the world of man rise or sink, grow or decay. Those ideas are those of the few, of the aristocrats who impose them upon the multitude. The multitude is animated by them, and the world moves by virtue of its faith in those ideas. Those ideas which are fathered by the wish to feather the economic nest of those who impose them can never be living and real. The test of living ideas is, on the contrary, the readiness of those who create them to dare all, suffer all, lay down their very lives for those ideas. The ideas that shall rule the world must not be means to domination, but ends for the sake of which their promoters are as ready to suffer as to enjoy, to bear obloquy

as to receive adulation, to be oppressed as to rule, to die as to live.

In plain economic terms, the wages of organisation must be lower than the wages of labour. The necessary labour of the world, the distasteful toil, the grimy work, is that which requires economic inducement, compensation, every redeeming beauty of life, in order to rescue man from the brutalising effect of mechanical toil. The rule of thought is its own sufficient reward. Given leisure, the emancipation from the organic and economic struggle, which it requires, ruling and directing thought can best dispense with satrapic emolument. Nay, it cannot maintain itself, it cannot preserve its living and life-giving power undefiled, unless it does dispense with that emolument. It is that emolument which kills it—and with it the evolutionary power of the world.

The aristocracy of the future—if there be any future worth striving and hoping for—shall be an aristocracy of poverty and of thought; an aristocracy that shall rule the world not by the power and privilege of force or economic domination, but by the power and privilege of its ideas; ideas, thoughts, knowledge, values that shall rule, that shall command the faith of the world by their intrinsic worth, by their unbending courage and untampering honesty, their truth undeflected, undefiled by any thought of power.

The Fight against Cheapness

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

It was unfortunately to be expected that falling prices would be resented and resisted by business men. From the commercial point of view things are "better" when prices rise, although that rise may mean a shortage of supply, just as they are "weak" or "worse" when prices fall, although that fall may mean a happy revival of plenty.

Let it be said at once that it is unnecessary and indeed unfair to cast blame in the matter upon individual traders. The system under which we conduct work inevitably leads to undesirable manifestations against the public good. It is all very well for a critic not engaged in a particular industry to cavil at attempts to maintain price by reducing or withholding supplies; the individual trader who is criticised sees himself as one who has embarked his private fortunes in a trade, and who has an inalienable right to profit by it. Individual gain is his incentive, it is true, but has it not been declared that no other motive can serve to give the world the commodities it needs? Those alone who challenge the conception of production for profit are entitled to criticise the fight against plenty, and they bring their accusation not against the fortunate or unfortunate captains of private industry, but against the curious game which is played with the products of work for pawns.

The position which obtains in tea and in rubber is an object lesson in the anti-social character of the world's existing organisation of production and distribution. As I write (at the opening of November, 1920) rubber has fallen to about one-half its pre-war price, while tea is selling at a price not much above that of 1914.

How excellent these price movements appear from the point of view of the public good. Rubber is a raw material which is needed for far more purposes than the mere supply of tyres for that most efficient engine of social discontent,

the motor-car. The public at large needs cheap rubber for omnibus and electrical services, bicycles, clothing, and many other purposes. A sane economy would welcome plentiful rubber as a great industrial blessing calculated to stimulate industry and to spread comfort. Let us see what our existing economy makes of the matter.

The heavy fall in rubber prices (from about 3s. per pound at the end of 1919 to about 1s. 3d. as I write) has been treated as a misfortune—almost as a disaster. The British rubber planters put their heads together and solemnly resolved to reduce output. Their combination for such purposes, known as the Rubber Growers' Association, realised that foreign aid must be called in if their attempt to create dearness was to succeed. Negotiations were accordingly opened with the body known as the International Association for Rubber Growing in the Dutch East Indies. A council of war followed at The Hague (October 9), and "almost unanimously," as the newspaper report has it, the British and Dutch resolved to reduce production by 25 per cent. in the near future, a fact which happily makes for the peace of nations by disposing of the peculiar sting of the well-known couplet:

> In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little and asking too much.

The rubber restriction scheme became operative on November 1. The commercial column of the *Times* observed that "this unprecedented display of co-operation amongst rubber-growers is a development which contains interesting possibilities for the future," which was to say a true thing.

As with rubber, so with tea. In 1913 the average price of imported tea was 9d. per lb. In 1914-1916 the British tea trade sent away enormous quantities of tea to neutral traders who, in turn, gleefully sent it on to Germany, with whom we were then at war. (In 1914 30,650,000 lbs.; in 1915 26,600,000 lbs.; in 1916 19,000,000 lbs. were exported from the United Kingdom to European countries other than Russia.) In 1917 there was a consequent tea shortage and the average import price rose rapidly, with an average for the year of 1*s.* 2½*d.* In December, 1919, the average auction price was as high as 1*s.* 10*d.* Now it is under 1*s.*, which

should be cause for much rejoicing, for here is an article whose price directly affects the comfort of the poor. What do the tea-planters make of the situation?

Their conduct has been exactly the same as that of the rubber planters. The Committee of the Indian Tea Association met at the end of September and passed the following resolution:

> That the Committee recommend that the crop for this year be restricted to not more than 90 per cent. of the average crops produced in the years 1915 to 1919, or, as an alternative, that proprietors should cease plucking on November 15th, 1920. Further, that the crop for 1921 be limited to not more than 80 per cent. of the average crops produced in the five years 1915 to 1919 inclusive, provided that the proposed reduction for the year 1921 is supported by at least 85 per cent. of the industry.

The Ceylon Tea Association also quickly arrived at the conclusion that it was necessary to create an artificial tea famine to save the weaker members of the trade and to maintain the industry in profit. Producing tea is all very well, but by the tricks of trade it must bow to the making of profit.

It is curious to observe that not a word of criticism of these attempts to fight cheapness by curtailing output has appeared in any of the organs which have for the past two years screamed at the British workman for not producing more. More production has become a parrot cry, but it is directed not to those who condition output but to the humble working units of production who wield neither capital nor managing power. The only exceptions in the Press that I know of have been in the *Daily News* and in that very interesting weekly *Ways and Means*. The latter, in an outspoken criticism, points out to "Capital" (by which, doubtless, is meant Capitalism, not at all the same thing) that if "Labour must give up the policy of restriction of output . . . Capital must return to more moderate and more sensible ideas as to an adequate rate of profit." And it adds with much point, "How is it possible to lecture labour on limitation and ca' canny when this sort of thing is going on?"

Unfortunately, Capitalistic ca' canny is at work in many more connections than tea and rubber. Timber, so necessary to the vitally important housing industry, is held up by North European combinations, who have us at their mercy because British private enterprise saw in past years no profit

in a crop so long a-growing. Paper-pulp, and therefore paper also, are consequently affected. Cotton, which has been the subject of an enormous price inflation, accompanied by the ingathering of profits beyond the dreams of avarice, is being worked upon by the American cotton planters, whose methods are more summary and less civilised than those of the tea or rubber growers.

On October 16 the *Morning Post* published an article from its special correspondent at Washington which opened thus:

> Owing to the general fall in prices the South is facing a cotton war. In several of the cotton districts of Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina organised bands of men known as night-riders are posting notices on cotton gins warning their proprietors to stop ginning cotton, merchants from handling staple, and negroes from picking it until cotton reaches 1*s.* 8*d.* the pound, the present price being about 10*d.* Any defiance of the warning is to be punished by death. The gin-owners fear that their property will be burned, and have placed it under a heavy guard, and negroes are terrified and refuse to work. State officials have been called upon for protection, and steps are being taken to suppress violence.
>
> The economic life of the South is bound up in cotton. Since the beginning of the war the South has enjoyed unexampled prosperity because of the world's demand for cotton, but with the general fall in price the South has felt the pinch, and now, it is asserted, it faces ruin, as cotton cannot be profitably produced at 10*d.* per pound.

These extraordinary efforts have apparently succeeded. Cotton has sharply recovered, and as I write is quoted (for "fully middling," as the curious trade term has it) 1s. 6d. a pound. This may be compared with the 2s. 7d. per pound of last December and the 7d. or so of 1913.

As far as I have been able to discover, the American cotton hold-up has elicited no comment in the Press here. And there is no cessation in the "output" of printed matter which attributes high prices to high wages, or to the printing of Treasury Notes, or to the Excess Profits Duty, or to the inherent folly and wickedness of the British workman, or to the number of British officials, or to a Chancellor of the Exchequer who has ventured to stand up to Capitalistic associations.

Rarely, as in the case of *Ways and Means* already quoted, the voice of reason asserts itself. I see that Mr. Gary, the President of the great United States Steel Trust (which controls an industry enormously greater than that of the whole of the iron and steel industries of Britain and France put together) has declared that he "recognises the

necessity for a downward revision of prices." Indeed, that necessity imperiously exists. The shake-out must come, and the sooner it is over the better. The fight against cheapness is a fight against plenty, against industrial health, against social content. The price of iron and steel and its ten thousand ultimate products is a hindrance to all activity. In 1913 pig-iron—at the top of a trade boom—was at £2 10s. a ton. It is now £11 17s. 6d., or twice the price reached after the Franco-German war. From steel rails to guttering for a workman's cottage, and from boiler-plates to gas-stoves, current prices adversely affect every movement, every industry, every social endeavour.

The great American trade journal, the *Iron Age*, is also amongst the prophets. It agrees with Mr. Gary that prices must come down. "For what purpose," it asks, "has heavy production been urged as an economic remedy except that prices may be brought down? While that in itself is sufficient rejoinder, the fallacy of the argument may be seen from an entirely different angle. What is one man's finished product is another man's raw material. Suppose the Connellsville coke operator should claim, as he has no thought of claiming, that it is good for the country that coke should be selling at twenty times the price it brought in 1894, because that 'tends to stimulate production.' The blast furnaceman would rejoin that the high price of coke is retarding production, *i.e.*, production of pig-iron. He might add that high prices for pig-iron 'stimulate production,' whereat the foundryman would remark that high-priced pig-iron is discouraging the production of castings."

But such utterances are exceptional. For the most part the master producers are resisting price revision by every means in their power. Capitalisations have been largely re-written upon the fancy profits of inflation. A decline in prices is viewed as an intolerable evil. Commercial writers are tempted to speak of the position as "improved" when price ceases to fall or when it reacts, and to back the many schemes for withholding commodities from a world whose economic sickness is a matter of under-production at high prices. The policy of "Price Guarantees" has made its appearance both here and in America. A firm of iron and steel tubing manufacturers publicly offers a guarantee to its customers that if they will buy at such-and-such a

price it will not sell similar material cheaper before some date in 1921.

What a sorry muddle it all is! The world of after-the-war, so far from being further advanced in dealing with its material resources than in 1914, is practising the same commercial follies as of old, but under conditions which make their application the more crude and the more fraught with danger and suffering. Commercial science does not exist and cannot exist. There is no possible means of reducing the inter-action of opposing greeds to a sweet reasonableness and order. The follies are inherent in the game as played. Higher price is the "economist's" recognised road to a greater production. In practice it is a blind alley.

The secrets of production have been so far solved that the world may easily have plenty of all desirable commodities if it will concern itself with the organisation of production for production's sake. If, however, it is content that the masses of mankind should remain the pawns of production for profit under commercial conditions, it must be content also to witness the frustration of production and the continuous succession of "booms" and "slumps" which mark the clumsy adjustment of the profits and losses of the industrial *condottieri*.

"The First World War"

From the title one picks up Lieut.-Col. Repington's book on the war (*The First World War*, 2 vols., Constable & Co.) with the kind of expectations usually associated with Mr. H. G. Wells's latest or a tale of Jules Verne, but soon we begin to understand; we too come to regard the greatest drama in modern history as a galaxy of luncheon parties, bridge evenings, talks and week-end "rags," with beautiful women looking like "roses" or anemones; finally we lay the book down wondering whether humanity being what it is—dogs being dogs and men being men—the Colonel is not right in his cynical definition of the war as an event certain to reoccur for the edification of high society in the next generation. It is this aspect of the work which no doubt has caused its sensation. The "draw" is genuine. It reads like a satire by Swift. Society, as such, is involved, and as the writer stands wholeheartedly for the Army, his appeal covers what is called "all London" and all soldiers, in a word, the governing classes pricked without stint or favour with the rapier thrusts of a *beau sabreur*. Col. Repington's Diary, for this and other reasons, is thus an important work; indeed it is the most illuminating book yet written in our language on the war, and no matter what a man may feel about the manner and treatment it will stand as a startlingly authentic history of England behind the front, of England at war, of how this country is governed. To the future historian of our times this book will be invaluable. For it is true. It contains a wealth of "secret" information unknown to the public, it reveals many little-known facts. Behind the Diary a man with clear vision has written a brave and sincere book. He knows his job, his military job. He writes with unrivalled authority. It smacks of Rome before the downfall.

Col. Repington's position throughout the war was in itself eminently characteristic of our system. A brilliant soldier, he was not employed, though he had every qualification, being a good French linguist and a well-known writer on strategy: who, in any other country but ours,

would automatically have been attached to the Staff and utilised as chief liaison officer between the French and British Armies. But of course we had no General Staff. And so this active mind was unemployed, except as a military writer on the *Times*, where naturally he was cribbed and cabined for unavoidable military reasons. None the less, he played an extraordinary part in the war. He knew all the leading soldiers. He visited the various Fronts, like a Government inspector. He was told the secrets. Generals consulted him. He was in close touch with the French Staff. The drawing-room specialist was, in fact, largely influencing and running the war, and had a single command of his own in a way only intelligible to those who know that war is run in London drawing-rooms and that politics are really made in country house week-end visits.

No doubt to so restless a mind this non-official rank rankled, and so we find his energies pushing him ever deeper into questions of policy and control until he himself came up against it in a way not adequately explained in this book. But the facts are roughly known. He resigned from the *Times* and joined the *Morning Post*. He was had up at Bow Street and fined. He was the victim of the most personal and violent newspaper attack (in the *Observer*) ever made upon a man in Fleet Street, and to this day it is not properly clear why he was thus persecuted.

To understand Col. Repington's attitude it must be borne in mind that he stood for the soldiers always as against the politicians. He regarded his job as the war, and he regarded the war as a dog-fight and all war as a "biological necessity." This at once gives the measure of his limitations and qualities. For the first two years this attitude was absolutely right, for we were in grievous peril, and the public and the Government were not then alive to the magnitude of the task before them. He considered that the soldiers were the only fit men to run the war, and so his early heroes were Lord Kitchener and Viscount French. On his own showing he reveals inconsistency. He admits that under Lord Kitchener things were not moving as they should have done, and he himself was the first to point out our shortage of shells, which ultimately led to the fall of the Asquith Government and Coalition.

Yet it was this staggering revelation which led certain civilians to revolt against the unimaginativeness and conservatism of our military authorities, and finally led to Mr. Lloyd George's ascendancy with the full benefits which were undoubtedly derived from this civilian administration of munitions. As for Lord French, he has "placed" himself in a book which has been severely criticised by our admittedly first military writer, Sir John Fortescue, and Col. Repington is silent about that terrible crisis in the war when Lord French wished to retire on Paris and break connection, saved by Lord Kitchener, who went out secretly to Paris to order him to stay in line with the French Armies. On this crucial matter Col. Repington is discreet. It is a grave omission, showing political bias for his old Tory friend, the Ulster soldier.

The strange thing about Col. Repington's obsession is that he intellectually clearly did not share it. Again and again he cries "What a country!" He himself shows how absurdly we underrated our task; how wretchedly behind we were; what little strategy was shown, how fantastically unscientific even the Navy was; yet always he keeps a blind eye for the soldiers whose job this was. And always his demand is for effectives. He was a Westerner and a "*jusqu'auboutist.*" Yet one is glad to see how Col. Repington stands up for Lord Haldane's work at the War Office; how sincerely he denounces the scandal of the Gallipoli expedition sent out by Lord Kitchener without adequate means, without even a plan; how completely he exonerates General Sir Ian Hamilton, who was not of his Party. All this redounds to Col. Repington's credit. And this must be said, Col. Repington was fearlessly honest and independent. He refused to be caught in the brutal Tory vendetta aimed at Lord Haldane. He was the good soldier fighting the good fight on his own, like a gentleman.

When we come to the military crisis connected with the Single Command, he is not very clear or explicit. To-day the matter is forgotten, but it was one of the great moments in the war, and unquestionably the civilians, Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau, were right as against a very influential military opinion here. Its success largely demolishes his case, which is throughout that of the soldiers. M. Clemenceau faced us with an ultimatum and Mr. Lloyd

George agreed.* We can be thankful to-day that he did so. This does not prove Col. Repington to have been wrong, still less does it prove Mr. Lloyd George to have been right; on the contrary, the Premier sent his panic cable to America after the break-through, and then the panic calling-up of the elderly men began—all, of course, due to the Government's omission to think intelligently and face the truths of the war situation as the result of the disastrous fighting through 1917, which showed an utter lack of real strategical understanding of war or of the enemy. Our losses in 1917 were nearly 800,000, we faced the Germans in 1918 with a numerical inferiority—yet Col. Repington was prosecuted for trying to prevent this!

As one of the National Service Representatives, Col. Repington did splendid work, and thus it was in the winter of 1917-18 that he came to blows with the Government, which under Mr. Lloyd George had come to regard the Western Front as "stalemate." Technically, he was doing his duty; the Government failed in its duty in raising men in those critical months, and when the German attack broke we suffered the greatest defeat in the war in consequence. The reasons for this are to-day incontrovertibly established. In spite of the repeated warnings of General Sir W. Robertson, Mr. Lloyd George had not faced facts; after the horrors of 1917 he thought of France as "stalemate" and was concentrating on the Turk, and neither he nor the soldiers, *pace* Col. Repington, believed in a German break-through. On this point Col. Repington was justified. If it was to be a dog-fight, he did his part, the Premier failed. The army under General Gough had been seriously weakened; we had taken over a new large sector of the French line. The usual silly optimism of the Cavalry Generals prevailed, and so we nearly lost the war—on one day it was touch and go. Mr. Lloyd George was saved by the great miracle of the war—the coming of the Americans, which fact redressed the balance, especially in moral, and within three months turned the Allied crisis into an overwhelming victory.

Early in May the Americans had placed 21,000 men by battalions into our divisions, and 35,000 were arriving

* The recent revelations of Marshal Foch do not touch the real point, which is that civilians made the Single Command; though technically the consent passed through the soldiers.

weekly. In June and July over 300,000 Americans came over per month. By April 1 there were 10 divisions; by June 1, 16 divisions; by July 1, 24 divisions; by August 1, 32 divisions (each division comprising 28,153 men and officers). When the Germans attacked in July, the Americans had enabled Marshal Foch to obtain a great numerical superiority for his flank attack which turned the tables in the Allies' favour.

But for the miracle of the Americans the war would certainly not have finished till 1919, and might have ended in absolute disaster. Col. Repington does not refer to the fact of propaganda, which played so vital a part in the end. Thus Foch knew of the German dispositions for the attack in July, 1918, from deserters influenced largely by propaganda, and the failure of the Austrian attack in June was due to the same cause.

But Mr. Lloyd George had the luck, and at the General Election could pose as the man "who won the war." Col. Repington got pushed out as one of the "shattered" reputations of the war. Unjustly so. He was right about man-power, and only that fortune which seems to smile upon Britain pulled us through. History will assuredly acclaim the impersonal sacrifice of General Pershing and Mr. Baker in allowing American soldiers to be inter-brigaded in our ranks as they arrived as one of the greatest acts of military policy on record, for to it we owe our great victory. It was one of those "flukes" which decide wars.

To all serious students of the war, this book carries a momentous lesson. We see how London dined and frivolled while the boys by the tens of thousands died in the mud. We see the hideous cynicism, the intrigues and callousness of our rulers, and the hopeless inefficiency of commanding soldiers "up against" the politicians who, in their turn, full of amateurish ambitions, were up against the soldiers—thus Mr. Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, who at one time hailed General Nivelle as the world's deliverer and at the critical hour was planning Salonika expeditions, Turkish expeditions, and starved the Army to set up a giant bombing air force, himself saved at the supreme crisis by America. It is a ghastly story of muddle, incompetence in high places, and want of system; in truth a grand social tea-party of beautiful women and "talks." Early in the

war—has Col. Repington forgotten this?—the soldiers said: "All up to a major magnificent; all above——" The phrase stuck. It was true.

The only serious criticism we have to make of Col. Repington is that he too regarded the war as a dog-fight, without intelligence, and because of this attitude Europe is to-day at war, not at peace; is slowly declining into bankruptcy; is drifting into complete social and economic breakdown. Col. Repington laughed at Lord Lansdowne; he is not even consistent. He himself supported the League of Nations, at the same time he supported Marshal Foch's claim of the Rhine. The two views are illogical. As a soldier, he knows that the French policy is militarily an untenable position,—as it is a position which can only be held if we *and America* are prepared to fight for it. The Presidential election provides America's answer. Labour and economics will provide it shortly here. Col. Repington was carried away by blind militarism, for a militarism which fought without an objective. This is the reason of our position to-day. We have, as the direst consequence of a war waged by the world without a policy, won to a negative situation which only another world war or a complete change in the peace terms can right, politically, socially, and, above all, economically. So far that is all. All our values have gone. Materialism is rampant; the Churches have no soul. Our economic system is crashing. War-profiteers are our masters. We owe this to the dog-fighters, to the men who, counting on the world's credit and eventually on the New World's effectives, revelled in the lust of revenge, regardless of life, of principle, or of British tradition.

Let those who still care for honour, who believe in Britain's future, who are not mere war-profiteers or mere war-fatalists, study this truly amazing Diary. It is one of those books which light up an epoch and proclaim its ruin, and unless we rise to our own intrinsic greatness and sweep away the place-holders and incompetents who to-day hold the country in a vice of greed, militarism, and materialism, all the lower intelligence being on top and the rest nowhere, this book of how we did it and how we nearly failed may yet go down to history as the writing on the wall.

The Rights of Youth

By Edward Cecil

It was generally supposed that the post-war period would be a period of reconstruction and progress. But many acute observers prophesied that it might be a period of reaction. There has been a great deal too much talk about reconstruction, for reconstruction postulates destruction, and there is not here, at home, anything like the destruction of the social fabric which some people suppose. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that while many platitudes are spoken about reconstructing a society which has not been destroyed, there is the danger that the forces of reaction may be secretly very successfully at work. And there are evidences that there is a pronounced tendency towards reaction in the present post-war period.

The people who will suffer if progress is stayed are the young people of the rising generation. And the forces of reaction which are actively at work at the present time are engaged in fighting what they consider to be the dangerous tendencies of Youth. That there are many vested interests in the country which at the present time desperately need every weapon which can be found to protect them cannot be denied, and it is not at all surprising that there is a pronounced reactionary movement in almost every sphere of life. And it is not in the least remarkable that we hear on all sides attempts to vilify, to depreciate, and even to ridicule Youth.

It is perfectly well known, of course, that Youth won the war. The young men were the men who really mattered in the Army and in the Navy. And the young women who were munition workers were the young women who really mattered at home. The war, however, is now over, and on all sides we find interested people seeking to muzzle and thwart the efforts of Youth.

Let us just examine a few indications of this movement.

First of all, it is being extensively asserted by old women of both sexes that the Youth of this country is immoral. What, of course, is really happening is that the Youth of this country is quite determined to destroy the old-fashioned immorality which was decked out in the clothes of Respectability.

At the same time, the Churches are actively preaching, as the Churches do so frequently, that there is a wholesale disregard of Christianity. This presupposes, of course, that the Churches are truly Christian, whereas the truth is that the Churches have lost the spirit of Christianity. And the real fact which we have to take into account is, not that owing to the war the people have lost hold of Christianity, but that they have grown tired of the false representation of Christianity which is given to them in the accredited channels of Christian teaching.

Again, in Government Departments and in many big businesses, to say nothing of the Government itself, there is a pronounced tendency to be over-cautious, over-fond of compromise, and over-nervous of taking risks. This is peculiarly lamentable at a time when it must be perfectly obvious that there should be enterprise, courage, and that sane and well-founded optimism which is nothing more or less than belief in the future of the country and the Empire.

I have said enough now to indicate that Youth at the present time has rights in the present and interests in the future which have to be safeguarded. It has always been a drawback to this country that Youth is checked and muzzled. In our great rival, America, there is not the same tendency to depreciate the importance and the worth, the enterprise, the energy and the divine insight of those who are young.

Now, let us examine certain fields in which at the present time Youth has a right to be heard. Surely the present House of Commons is one of these fields. Here we have an assembly of middle-aged and elderly men, where Youth is in a hopeless minority. I can think at once of two or three members of the House of Commons who are, perhaps, somewhat extravagantly young. But they must be very miserable men, for they cannot possibly find in the Lobbies or the Smoking-room much of the spirit

of Youth which doubtless exists in their own lives. I see a great danger for the young men who are the representatives of Youth in the House of Commons that their own Youth may be injuriously affected by the atmosphere into which it has been plunged. We are represented almost entirely in the House of Commons by middle-aged and elderly men, most of whom are full of old-fashioned, middle-class notions. And the sole representative of the women of the country, present in the House of Commons, has recently delivered herself of the profound observation that the present time, being a time of unrest, is not a time for taking steps in the dark, and that at any rate one important reform which was under discussion at the time when she made the observation should not be considered seriously, at any rate for five years, "until things had settled down." This is emphatically not the right spirit at the present time, and the rights of Youth to have a better world to live in are being frequently disregarded by the present House of Commons, where we need all the Youth and all the spirit of Youth which we can bring to the saving of our present very imperfect social structure.

But, after all, the House of Commons is not by any means the only field where at the present time Youth is needed. Take the Government Departments. If there is anywhere where Youth is profoundly needed, it is in the Government Departments in this country. The Government Departments of this country are responsible for a large amount of the misery we are suffering at the present time, most of which need not be suffered at all. The ponderous stupidity of the middle-aged mind which finds its greatest embodiment in the typical permanent official of this country is nothing more or less than a national calamity. There is not a single department in which Youth is not needed. All the waste which is going on, all the ponderous circumlocution, all the vast mass of utterly useless work, and all the tangle of formality and incompetence which encumbers the performance of necessary work must seem strangely laughable to the mind of intelligent Youth. We want a flood of Youth in our Government Departments, where it ought to be demonstrated that the incompetence of Youth is nothing compared with the incompetence of middle age.

Youth demands a right to be heard also in the industry and commerce of the country. The spirit of enterprise and the spirit of hope in the future are essential to the trade and industry of the country. New methods, new ideas, new fields for development are necessary if the wealth and prosperity of the Empire are to be built up quickly. It is necessary to build them up quickly. We have got to pay for the war, and we must do so as rapidly as possible. The longer we delay doing so, the longer we will be burdened with debt. We have therefore, in trade and commerce, to be up and doing, and it is to our young men to whom we must look.

Youth has a right to be heard on boards of directors and in business offices. The same kindliness towards incompetence and the same sleepy encouragement to those who shirk responsibility, and the same fondness for making safe small things rather than taking any risk to gain great things —which have been the root causes of waste, extravagance and failure in Government Departments, also threaten many industries and big enterprises. It is true, of course, that the healthy power of competition and the necessity to make a business pay, save most businesses from the lethargy and stupidity which paralyse the Civil Service, but it is still true that the trade and industry of this country must be extremely enterprising and progressive if they are to hold their own in the economic struggle upon which we are now entering, if we have not already entered, with America, a resuscitated Germany, and Japan. Our trade and industry need all the life of Youth which can be put into them.

I will not say much at the present moment about the rights of Youth to be heard in moral and social questions. But the same necessity for giving a hearing to Youth exists in these spheres as exists in the spheres of Government and Industry, of which I have already spoken.

There is, in fact, a great danger that in the next few years the voice of Youth will not be given an adequate hearing in this country. In all spheres of activity, political, social and moral, Youth has a right to be heard. It would be wise to encourage Youth and to educate Youth in every way possible. It would be wise to give the young men and the young women of the country ample opportunities of hearing every side of every question. And the opinions

formed should be listened to. Youth won the war, and the future of the world belongs to Youth.

Youth has therefore a right to be heard, and the present tendency in so many quarters to depreciate and vilify Youth should be steadfastly snubbed and discouraged. There should be young men and young women in Parliament, not merely middle-aged men and middle-aged women. There should be young men and young women on boards of directors and in Church councils. There should be young men and young women in every sphere of authority, management and enterprise. These young men and these young women will make mistakes, but the mistakes they make will not be any worse than the mistakes which are being made by those who pretend at the present time to possess a monopoly of wisdom. We have suffered quite enough from the futilities of the middle-aged mind and the stupidity of the middle-class standpoint. We want the clearer vision of Youth to purify our outlook upon the future, in order that we may the better believe in ourselves.

The Autobiography of Margot Asquith

By Lucifer

WHAT a storm! But, what a tea-cup! In her maiden book, Mrs. Asquith has broken the record for sales and sensation, for "society" is far more concerned over this bright tome of chatter than it is over the secrecy relating to the Jutland battle; and so, to tell the truth, if sundry political folk put out their tongues tipped with arsenic or vitriol to stifle the second volume of the incorrigible and irrepressible lady who entered upon life with a "Here's me!" she can surely put out her tongue at them and—pass on. Most biographies, nearly all autobiographies, are from the artist's or human side dull things, but here, at any rate, we have a new venture in self-criticism—which is curiously un-English; and in political exposure—which is perhaps copied from the great novelists who have lately written so much about their love affairs in what is called fiction. Hence, of course, the row. You don't name the gent in Parliament. You don't do this or that if you are a "lady," and so on. The conventions of society are convention. Mrs. Asquith's sin is that she has belled the cat. She is truthful. She actually has dared to write about society as it is, and about people as they are, and so a horrified political Press denounces the funambulistic feats of a lady who might "give the whole show away," as if it mattered twopence to a Europe in ruins whether she did or not.

Mrs. Asquith is the natural rebel, she was the first "new woman." She is an amalgam of two schools, two ages, two birthrights, qualified with a surreptitious dash of religious ecstasy, which is, so to speak, her whip hand. Gifted with great vitality, courage, and consummate egotism, she grew up like a wild-flower—on a pony, to descend upon the fag-end of the Victorian Age just

bubbling over with the fascination of her own importance. To understand, we must go back and conjure up the old ghosts. There was Mr. Gladstone with his collars. There was Queen Victoria and Mr. Brown. Bernard Shaw was stalking about in knickerbockers. It was the vestal age of the silk hat. Enter Margot, the wild English rose, hard, insular, quasi-religious, a bit of the governess, the born politician. She looked around and found London wanting. She promptly founded "The Souls."

Had she been born of poor parents, Mrs. Asquith would probably have become a dancer, and made a career and lots of money, but being of a wealthy family she chose to be a politician. It is characteristic that the lady who started the Souls, which was a very exclusive aristocratic club of beauty, class, talent, and position, married the man who downed the House of Lords. She struck the top-note of aristocratic ascendancy, and truly the Souls was a glittering body in its day, a chapel where class and beauty worshipped their own divinities, and Mr. Balfour. Perhaps Mrs. Asquith's cruellest dart is Lord Curzon's poem, which at the time flabbergasted those luminaries. But there it is: that is where and why Mrs. Asquith, as a creator, failed.

All through her book the yellow streak is snobbishness. The Souls was a thimble-rigged intellectuality of class; in these brilliant pages of social history the artists and torch-bearers of England hardly figure. She who ran London, who probably thought she was spiritualising society, has little use for any save the aristocracy, or the little group of families of her own coterie. This absence of the really great in her book gives the measure of her reign. Browning, Burne-Jones, Whistler, Huxley, G. B. S. — these people she skips, yet she must have met most of them. What allusions she makes to the artists and thinkers is amusingly egotistical: thus of Tennyson, apparently to show how once she sat upon his knee; of Frank Harris, to introduce a Balfourian sneer; of Stevenson, to let off a nasty bit of gossip; of Symonds. The rest is silence. Only politicians mattered to her. The others she apparently regarded with that peculiar snobbishness that enables Lieut.-Col. Repington in his book to refer to Mr. W. H. Davies—one of our few real living poets—as of some uncouth animal that somehow has managed to get asked into a

drawing-room. Her two intellectual heroes are obviously Viscount Morley and Mr. Balfour, the Castor and Pollux of politics. She admits a dislike to Bohemians—a characteristic dislike. Her world was a very little one, bounded on the one side by class, on the other by wealth. The great wheel of life was not for her. Outside her sanctum little existed, and even her Liberalism was inherently aristocratic. It is thus of the great families she writes, of "we." To her, England means the Tennants, the Lytteltons, and the nobility, and a few famous men whom she uses in the book chiefly as mannequins for her own "creations." She is fully entitled to do this, of course. Yet it sizes her up. She never cleared the gates of class prejudice. She never, one imagines, felt humility, and as a snob she writes to-day of her own class with a truly astonishing egocentricity. In a real sense this snobbishness of drawing-room Liberalism accounts for its present demise. It lost its soul, and Mrs. Asquith contributed in no small part towards this self-depreciation. Mrs. Asquith, with all her democratic or plebeian traits, never got beyond the drawing-room, either in politics or life, except in the hunting-field, where she was supreme. She is the type that foreigners designate as the "mad English." Perhaps it was her destiny to lead the reaction to dull and staid Victorianism, which broke with the advent of King Edward to the throne. She bounced in upon the dowagers. Overnight, society threw away whiskers, chaperones, and the antimacassars. We talked Mrs. Langtry—Belle Bilton—and Lottie Collins, and, not to be beaten, Mrs. Asquith became the "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" of the political arena. She did high-kicking after dinner; she was christened "Dodo," after Benson's novel; she side-stepped the duchesses, out-pointed the politicians, became the dancing-master of "society." London lay at her feet. The question of England, at one time, was literally Margot's choice of a husband.

Old-fashioned society really split during the Boer War, which set up the standard of the African Jew millionaires, largely the work of Cecil Rhodes, and it has degenerated ever since. Probably the last salon was that of Lady Dorothy Nevill, herself the last of the "grand ladies." Commercialism had come in, and money was the passport and criterion. Money breeds vulgarity, that is all. Mrs.

Asquith found her shares "well up." To blame her would be foolish, for the blame is Everyman's. She was the spirit of her time, as Mr. Lloyd George is the spirit of his time, or, in another world, Mr. Bottomley. In those days women were learning to smoke. Mrs. Asquith was the "new" woman. She stampeded the frowsy dreariness of Victorian dinner-parties. Her rapier talk was cut and thrust. She was the "Playboy" of high society, the legitimate protagonist of Christabel Pankhurst and the modern "flapper," and for two decades at least she paved the way with good intentions and daring improvisations for the girl who smacked policemen to get the vote.

The unexpected in her book is the sense of fierce truth that it reveals, whereby the inner spirit escapes. This is the cause of its sensation. As the *enfant terrible* with the facts, endowed with considerable analytical faculties and perceptions, she judges her own sex unerringly and the other with feline felicity. She is a dissector of public men, and perfectly sincere towards herself. From this ordeal, politics apart, she emerges creditably. Her feeling is real. She has kindliness and an attitude and a kind of "Arab" humanity. She has succeeded in "potting" or visualising her own life in a way which cannot really offend those concerned, with one or two exceptions of bad taste and certain vulgarities which for newspapers to censure is mere hypocrisy. Her book is humanly interesting. In places it is tender, even charming. The episode with Peter Flower is literature. If she puts her foot through some of the glass windows of her age, well, all windows need cleaning. The truth is, she has contrived to write a thrillingly personal book about politicians, as good as a play and as near to veracity as a novel is supposed to be, in the nursery. There is nothing really spiteful, or really offensive. She is our Strindberg, as a biographer, a curious and rare figure. That is the true significance of this autobiography—it sets a standard of political history writing which this war has shown to be necessary and inevitable. Mrs. Asquith probably realises that she has written a Litany of a past epoch, in which she played a conspicuous part. She leaves it gaping under the sunset of Mr. Balfour. She seems to cry, "That's that—take it or leave it. It was not very good or very bad, but

it hummed, and I was its centre-piece." We ought to be grateful for this audacious history, which gives so many a faithful portrait, and at the worst merely pricks an already deflating bubble. No woman has ever before tried to criticise herself so truthfully, and few men are capable of the experiment (novelists, please copy). She has pulled aside some of the curtains of a set, and perhaps brought us too intimately into the servants' hall, yet what of it? London under the new war-profiteer plutocracy will need a stout broom and certainly a veracious chronicler. The Souls are dead, even if their master mind sits to-day impenitently serene, incredibly cynical, at the feet of Mr. Lloyd George. Mrs. Asquith's book, whether regarded as a "revue" or an indiscretion, lays bare a *régime* which died of its own inanition, and, like a deft "spotter," she knows it. It is a case of *après moi*. She ought now to write a play. As an iconoclast, she surveys the ruins of Liberalism, of society, of good manners, and fetches out her skeletons with an amusing abandon. As they dance once more in her bright pages, we attain to a "circular" smile. Was this all? The answer lies with her. It is a book of snobs for snobs, and as such it will be wildly appreciated. Has she killed this snobbishness? Not a bit. But she has made a confession, and in the act justified herself. We close the volume not without feelings of sympathy and literary admiration for a lady who did her best to get the best out of life according to her lights, who rode magnificently, and now with a pen sees no reason to funk her hurdles or camouflage her field of scrutiny. *Continuez, Madame!*

The God Capital and his Tribulations

By Austin Harrison

At the close of the second year of peace after four years of war, the problem of civilisation is the sordid fascination of the God Capital; yet even as we revere we tremble. Our deity is in difficulties, even his definition is in jeopardy, for the world's knock-out has left us with a world embarrassment, and we no longer know the status of our own credit. From an abstract polemic, the theory of money has become literally the world's crisis and romance. And when at the recent Brussels Financial Conference Lord Chalmers spoke of "returning to normal conditions," I am told a surreptitious smile crept (or swept) across the features of that precise assembly, no man knowing what he meant. In thirty tongues bankers whispered: "Normal conditions?" but the Lord remained imperturbable. He spiked the Conference. Normal conditions mean gold, but, like Death in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," there is no gold; the Americas have Europe's gold. No wonder the economists at Brussels tittered. What in the name of pounds, shillings and pence did Lord Chalmers imply?

Who knows? Who can pretend to know, seeing that the experts, the bankers, the economists, and the business men all differ about the theory of money, the meaning of credit, and the basis of capital—so much so that while Lord Chalmers, representing British Banking, talks about "normal conditions," Mr. Arthur Kitson and other "practical" authorities declare right away that we have left the gold standard for good, with which opinion Governments seem to agree, judging by their reckless expenditure and stolid refusal even to balance their Budgets? The problem before the world, and it is epochal, vital, determinative, is thus credit, not money; for gold currency has practically vanished. We, for example, were insolvent in the first week of August, 1914, on the gold basis, and were saved by the Government placing us upon a "paper" credit basis.

We can thus eliminate the money side of the problem, for metallic currency is of no credit use to Peoples to-day,

and as the total amount of gold in circulation is computed to be £3,000,000,000, whereas Europe's debts are about £45,000,000,000, I do feel a sneaking sympathy for the gentlemen who maintain that gold was a "mug's game," and that on the unlimited liability theory of credit we have effected contact with the bottomless wealth of Aladdin's cave. It is a tremendously inspiring thought, a true Christmas gift. For if Mr. Kitson is right—and many think he is right—then credit being no longer related to or limited by gold [which is to say that there is no longer a ratio *between money income* and *commodity income*, according to all the old laws of economics], is also one of the things "liberated" by the war, and, unless we fix it, credit is *de facto* wealth: unfungible, indefinite, incontrovertible. The vista opened by this discovery is fantastic. It is this. If credit no longer has a gold basis, and the new standard of credit is to be a recurrent promissory hypothecation, then in sum there are no debts; happily we are not all bankrupt; we have, in fact, emerged from the war rich and free, and—note this—the Americas, who to-day possess the gold and so cling to a gold standard, are so much the poorer by the exact amount of gold that they have, whereas Turkey, and particularly Germany and Poland, are the richest countries in the world.

There is no getting away from this conclusion if credit is to remain unrelated to gold or commodity value. It is absolutely the world's root problem, and on its solution must depend the question whether Europe goes bankrupt or not. If money is payment (and it is) and credit implies capital (and it does), credit which gives a purchasing power based on future means of payment regardless of ability to pay becomes an illusion, reducing money to the value of the printing-press, and in effect gold, as currency, is an anachronism. I believe that is so, and I imagine nearly all serious thinkers agree. Already in pre-war days, the anomaly of gold as the basis of credit was evident, and had we stuck to gold in 1914, we should have gone bankrupt in five weeks. Gold was long ago recognised as the value, not for which, but by which, goods were exchanged, and as there were two markets—the wholesale and the retail—so two credits developed: real credit and finan-

cial credit, the former fungible, the latter operating as an expansion of purchasing power. The nations traded through Bills, that is, on credit quite out of all proportion to the amount of gold in existence, this credit or confidence resting upon the sum of the world's wants—hence the internationalism of credit—which form the source of supply and demand. That is why men said that prices were fixed in the retail or cash market, which was probably more or less true. But even before the war this was becoming less and less the case, as we moved away from the gold standard, judged by ability to pay, and what happened in 1914 was simply that credit became purely Financial or Government money turned out arbitrarily in the printing-press, and it is largely the position to-day.

In war as in war, but still the war system persists, and so Financial credit has "cornered" Real credit, because Financial credit, operating through the banks, which in the war became in turn the handmaiden of Governmental credit-issues, controls production and *purchasing power*, thus controlling prices through the wholesale market contrary to the old law governing supply and demand and, of course, in the interests of the producer and very particularly of the speculator. And this, as it is the key of the existing capitalist system, is the *main reason of the world's high prices*. Credit-power has passed into the hands of Finance, which can control prices through manufactured shortage or sabotage (this is the actual economic basis of the Treaty of Versailles). The law of supply and demand is displaced by an anarchic system of Finance—control of production and distribution—precisely as Governments operated during the war. It is the wholesale market which now determines prices, because this market has the power of credit-issue (see the imperial operations of Lord Leverhulme, etc., etc.). And even to-day the price of wool is determined by the price-fixing of the Government, which has cornered the stocks, regardless of the world's shrieking demand for this commodity. But to return to gold, which practical business men assure us is no longer the basis of credit or its mechanism. Now, if Lord Chalmers is right, and the world's debts are real liabilities, must, that is, be met by a real transfer of value—and this

is so,—then the solvency or insolvency of Europe clearly depends upon whether we discard the gold basis or not; and, if we do, what the basis of our new standard is to be. I do not believe any serious economist would dispute that on a gold basis, and on the present policy of European economic war, Europe is bankrupt, including France, who is really dependent upon the credit of America. If so, it is very important that we should realise this fact, unless Lord Chalmers is wrong and those wonderful people who write on finance in the Press are prophetic when they refer to our depreciating national securities as an "excellent investment for the speculator," like the gamble in Tsarist shares and property.

But there is hope; we have left the gold basis, our big industrialists declare, and recently we have seen a proposition put forward to establish a British Imperial currency system, and so attain to a new credit basis. Admirable. But test this line, and what do we find? We revert to the same law. It is that credit is *international* in its function, and that unless the new or proposed basis of credit receives international sanction, we should be no better off than we are struggling with our debts on a gold basis, as is obvious at a glance. If we can establish a new credit basis, so can Portugal, so can France, so can Germany. The test there would be precisely the same, namely, confidence. Would, that is, New York cash the proposed imperial sovereign at 4.85 dollars, as before the war? Would France accept Germany's £5,000,000,000 cheque on a new currency as the equivalent to a real transfer of value? Would the Polish mark snap back from 1380 to 25 marks to the £, by an arbitrary definition of value based really on—emergency? If so, all our difficulties are solved. Yet not quite. Countries which possess the gold would, per contra, find themselves in the position Europe is in to-day. Having financed Europe, America would find herself the loser by exactly the amount of gold she had, and in all probability she would object. For gold would then be worth merely its ornamental value. It would be open to any country to start a new currency and credit system. There would be no such thing as credit. National debts would not exist. We should

then have this remarkable situation, that money was only real in regard to individuals or in the retail market, it would be unreal nationally and in the wholesale market; which is to say that Thomas could be imprisoned for not paying his butcher's bill, but a Government could spend till it burst and then start a new currency and credit. Happy Mesopotamians! Who would not then be a Minister or a financier?

The present "slump" is due to the materialisation of the true position, and so we find the very men who shouted "super-production" a year ago, supported by posters containing the physiognomics of four (or was it five?) Labour leaders, are to-day engaged in the sabotage of production in order to maintain the high prices, varied by an attempt to introduce protection under the specious pretence of that old, threadbare, exploded bogey called dumping. Sir Chiozza Money explains this process elsewhere, but the absurd part of it is that, having super-produced, we cannot sell because at Paris we destroyed Europe's absorption-power, and even on credit provided by ourselves the nations dare not risk the invitation. It is a salutary lesson in the definition of credit which, if it is not international, means chaos; hence, of course, the tardy summoning of the Financial Conference, which the Belgian President immediately neutralised by informing them, not only that they had no powers, but that the Europe of the Treaty, which, of course, was the subject under discussion, was not to be mentioned or discussed. But this camouflage merely postpones the problem and increases the difficulties, as we have seen by the falling exchanges which denote the poor opinion the Banking world have of Lord Chalmers' "normal conditions." The Treaty is, of course, the chief cause of these wild exchanges. Politically, the problem resolves itself into the other political problem, namely, what will America do for, or to, Europe when President Harding takes over the reins of office from the hapless Mr. Wilson?

To stick to Lord Chalmers. Now on a gold basis we are living on a credit overdraft of certainly £600,000,000 more annually than we can produce on business run on Bank

overdrafts in revenue; we have not tackled the national debt and merely hiccoughed at the external debt, and we have still some £1,300,000,000 unfunded or Government credit on float; at the same time, we sneeze at any investment which does not offer at least 7 per cent. The whole position is Peter Pan finance. To say that we are on a gold basis is absurd. The truth is, nobody bothers about gold, and we know that if there were a run on the banks for gold, Great Britain would "declare." France clearly regards gold as a myth, to judge by her Budget; indeed, the only gold available is that which Russia periodically sends over as if to remind us of the old fable of the goose, to the consternation of police and Press; who prefer "paper." Working back to normal conditions, then, implies years of prodigious taxation,* far higher than we now have, the crushing of the middle classes, and presupposes a production plus an expansion of foreign purchasing power double that of pre-war Europe—which unfortunately is the precise condition negatived by Paris and the brilliant designers of Carthaginian Europe. In addition, there is Russia's elimination, due largely to Lenin's mistake in aiming at the destruction of capital instead of capitalism. The rest of Europe is anarchy.

The other, the business men's, way is, it must be confessed, an extraordinarily thrilling proposition, and the singular thing about it is that obviously, though perhaps unsuspected by its proposers, any such scheme presupposes a modification of our capitalist system. For if credit is to be Financial, based, that is, not upon commodities but upon a progressive assumption or speculation, such credit would control production and so prices; Governments and so policy; distribution and so society, in a way that certainly no nation would tolerate for long, seeing that we would all be the slaves of a Financial ring. Yet that is what the Financial Credit gentlemen apparently propose. All credit not limited by the delivery of something or other must be artificial, as evil as Government money, and if credit is not a means of exchange, what on earth is it, and

* Who is to pay for those houses; and who is to pay the rent, £50 a year! The ratepayers? Thank you.

what the meaning of money? Our present policy of dear money shows that the Banks at any rate don't fancy this Aladdin's theory of credit, which, realised, would signify that credit capital was always independent of commodities, which, of course, would mean that there was no such thing as wealth, wealth in such circumstances being a mere matter of credit-issue, *i.e.*, a process of futuristic acceleration. Germany could then pay France £50,000,000,000, and all taxes would become superfluous. We should have moved in a bound into the Millennium, and, incidentally, Lenin would be justified. Now, Lenin's difficulty is this precise point—his peasants refuse his credit-issues; thus even the unsophisticated moujik prefers Adam Smith to a currency based on Financial credit, even supported, as it is, by the Government. His credit is recognised as fictitious, and has thus destroyed Russia's purchasing power; hence, of course, the reluctance of Governments to trade on any other basis but concessions or real credit. The notion that we can do what Lenin has failed to do seems somewhat steep even in these days of the precipice. The thing surely cannot be done unless the world calls off the gold basis, and in place of it substitutes a medium of exchange functioning and controlled by the world's potential production and consumption. And this is not only possible, but, it may be, necessary.

It may be said, without fear of serious contradiction, that this adjustment will depend upon Europe as a whole, or upon Europe under the dispensation of Republican America, which is the reason why thinking men await the new American policy with such deep financial concern; why, too, the League of Nations, despite Versailles, is assuming form and substance, however remote, and as yet unreal; why, also, the problem of Ireland is the key to the peace and solvency of Europe. About America, we can anticipate with intelligent certainty. America will not register or underwrite the map of finality of Versailles, because it is a map of war and spoliation; she will, on the contrary, make her own peace with Europe *for peace and trade*, and her whole attitude towards Europe will be governed by economic rather than by political considerations. She will without any reasonable doubt enter any League of Nations

which is not palpably a fraud or mechanism of expropriation, and her attitude in this respect will be decisive, and is likely to be profoundly beneficial, despite the wretched incompetence of European Governments and the stark apathy and ignorance of the facts of their hypnotised peoples. But this is politics. The point we reach is our point of departure, namely, that credit is international no matter on what basis it functions, gold or copper; that therefore all treatment, and any solution of Europe's credit crisis, must consequently be single or international, and that whether we burn our paper, change our exchange medium, go communist, syndicalist, socialist, or anarchist, or pass into the subliminal credit potentiality of "big business." What this really means is that we return to President Wilson.

On this world credit-issue there are thus two distinguishable if inseparable problems; the one is general, and concerns the solvency or insolvency of Europe—is thus a specifically credit problem of gold or the world's new means of exchange; the other is the problem popularly called Capital and Labour, which, as it will define the new equation of production, must eventually condition the world's economic mechanism. The first is thus the problem of capital; the second of capitalism. There is, of course, no earthly reason why the world, rather than go bankrupt, should not agree to change its medium of exchange, and as on gold Europe cannot recover—I regard that as axiomatic—the chances would seem to favour the bold initiative. Were Lenin, now that Wrangel has gone the way of Denikin and Koltchak, to adjust his negationalism to a positive position of a controlled or modified capitalist system without destroying Capital, he would without a doubt economically control the whole, seeing that two-thirds of that whole has no credit, whereas Russia, who has the goods, could then automatically obtain the required means to exchange them. Britain's business thus should be at once to "free" Lenin by opening up trade with Russia, for clearly the true foe of Bolshevism is plenty, and food is the ruling argument. Lenin would probably be only too thankful to reinstate the god Capital, however controlled, and once Russia could

trade, the moujik would gladly exchange the acorn for the ikon, and Lenin could imperceptibly replace Russia upon a real credit status, without the kind assistance of Franco-Polish explosives. True, as long as Mr. Churchill presides at the War Office we are not likely to think as economists, but the "slump" is upon us, is sneaking even into France, and to super-producers who cannot sell the bait of Russia is real politics, whereas a Pickelhaube Churchillism is the mere squandermania of egregious and ignorant vanity.

The other problem is really one of control: Who in the future is to control credit, the producer or the consumer? Here we are at grips with the capitalist system. If the Protectionists have their way, this problem will become our Island specific, for in that case prices would rise (owing to the absence of competition); trade wars would begin; a huge emigration would result; we should fall into the vice of Trusts and speculative sabotage, and the middle classes would be squeezed out. That is the process to-day in operation in collusion with the Government. This is essentially a social problem as between, say, Mr. Smillie and the Duke of Northumberland, but its solution will depend upon the middle class—the spirit, the genius, and the salt of the land. Wages can always be paid by prices at the consumers' expense. The only point where wages can really touch the system is on exports, which of course would, were prices too high, be disastrously affected, and this is in a sense actually Britain's Free Trade or Protection problem to-day. In a war of wages versus dividends the country would suffer; on the wage position unemployment, on the dividend position capital emigration, would set in. There is no solution on those lines. Balance is essential. If then the industrial system, as we know it, is eventually found not to work, the remedy lies in an adjustment of that system, which assuredly will be the problem of Capital and Labour in this generation. That capitalism is moving into a modification of system, I, for one, firmly believe, and as, at bottom, the issue is credit, the control of credit, and therefore there can be no change until that credit-control is the joint concern of producer and consumer. I can see no specific which does not grip the root of the evil

expressed in the inequity and iniquity of wealth and its distribution in a society controlled by the producers for profit. Many business men realise this, and so to-day the slogan is "share-control." But that is a delusion, and quite leaves out of account the unfortunate and now proletarian middle class placed between the anvil and the hammer of a system which in reality wages economic war against the consumer. It is seen at its best in America, at its worst in Lenin's Russia and in "Trianon" Austria; but for the immense amount of floating paper about it would be fiercely apparent here and in France: is apparent in the prices and unemployment.

Envisaging the great problem of destroyed credit as a world issue, which is the only sane way to regard it, we find that, in effect, we have moved away from gold as a balancing attachment, and that the dollar, in the absence of a new basis of credit, is the argument. Economically, the position is in reality better than it seems, and not so bad as it should be; is, once we get away from gold, clearly capable of very considerable improvement. The main difficulty is Europe's expenditure on armaments, amounting to 20 per cent. of all expenditure, that is to say, we are spending to-day one-fifth of our total revenues in preparations for another war, now that there is no enemy in sight. It is this Government-forged credit which has driven up prices, speeded up inflation, and prohibits the restoration of credit, and when we consider that eleven European nations still have a deficit, are still spilling the proceeds of industry to fight an imaginary foe, the wonder is that the sovereign is worth one dollar in New York. If this frenzied finance of Financial credit is permitted to continue, not only can there be no recovery, but purchasing power will still further fall, as inversely—owing to this inflation of Financial credit—monopoly prices are maintained and, owing to the exchange chaos, producers find they cannot sell. And that is our actual point to-day. When Mr. Fellows complains that British magnetos are being undersold by German, he is right, but he is curiously wrong in his diagnosis. The reason is the credit chaos or exchange.*

* The absurdity of the position is that, if Germany is to pay indemnities, she must sell; and, if she sells she must undersell us in every market on the exchanges.

Germans can obviously undersell all Europe on the present basis of exchange, and the way to preserve British magnetos is not to cry "Wolf!" but to restore credit to a trading basis. What is extraordinary is Mr. Fellows' failure to grasp so perfectly simple a law, for it is a law which even politics cannot camouflage. Our trade position has now reached a serious danger-point because of this credit chaos. Owing to high wages and indifferent production, we need a Europe with a strong purchasing power, and so much is this a necessity to us, who must export to pay for the required fifty per cent. of our food imports, that if we cannot restore this purchasing power—which again can only be done through the restoration of credit—the Federation of British Industries will find itself in Queer Street before long, for then the only alternative will lie in the markets of the East, in which pursuit we shall come up against the equally fierce competitive market-seekers of America and Japan, both starting with the initial but positive advantage of a Real credit position. For this absurd but dangerous paradox we must thank the Treaty of Versailles, which made conditions of credit chaos permanent.

Month after month this elementary truth has been pointed out in this REVIEW, and I am glad to see that the *Times* (November 18) at last endorses what has been said in these pages again and again—that Europe must obtain a credit policy or decline into bankruptcy. If the *Times* would press this policy, I believe we, at any rate, would make an astonishing recovery, especially if we can induce Lenin to return to a credit status, and so once more open up the magnificent Trade area of Russia. But the pre-condition is peace—a constructive peace. There is no other escape from world Financial crash. Now as we are tied to a Treaty which implies directly and inevitably Financial collapse, because it has destroyed Europe's purchasing power, the sooner we get on with a League of Nations with powers of adjustment the quicker we shall start, but not otherwise. I submit this to the Federation of British Industries. Almost every nation in Europe can, on the exchanges, undersell us, and must do so. We have killed the goose, that is all. To remedy that fatal economic position, we must restore credit; make it Real credit; give

back to Europe her purchasing power, otherwise we shall discover, as was pointed out in this REVIEW a year ago by Major Douglas, that "super-production" is a myth calculated to destroy the producers. If the Federation of British Industries want to cash victory, they must make the Government balance the Budget and revive European trade; and this will be America's policy.

To meet its extravagance, the Government is a national profiteer, that is, to pay for Mr. Churchill's martial escapades, the Rolls-Royce Mesopotamian scandal, the Persian oil scandal, the Russian blockade scandal, etc., etc., it holds up stocks, sells them to speculators, who re-sell at a profit, sometimes not to their advantage, as we can see in the case of certain goods sold at cost price, the speculators having to cut their losses in the raw because the market they bought for—Europe—cannot buy, thus orders are being cancelled right and left. We don't talk of a business Government any more. And so we have the extraordinary situation of Trade carried on by Bank overdrafts, these overdrafts representing not goods credit but profits credit. The reason of our present-day "pessimism" is simply that Bankers are beginning to call in these credits to the annoyance of business, which really seems to have thought the war had increased our wealth by 240 per cent. Another year of these fictitious credit profits and we shall have failure after failure and wholesale unemployment. That game certainly cannot go on. And the joke of it is that E.P.D. is paid by Bank credits on the *security of — inflation.* That is why, as production increases, prices rise—which means that business is making vast profits, not on the sale of commodities, *i.e.*, on increasing purchasing power, but on a loss on the sale of commodities, *i.e.*, on a decreasing purchasing power. I submit this Santa Claus Finance (it is not trade) must end this year, or we shall inflate into the relativities. It is the result of the wild war thinking that went on at the economic dog-fight at Paris. We got our mandates, credits, bank overdrafts, etc., to restart the machine, and we laid out the under-dog, but we forgot the selling-end, the buying-markets, which, in Gospel truth, we smashed, to find now that the under-dog has the "goods" and, automatically, as his credit falls our

selling power declines. And so "big business" talks to-day of "selling out." It dare not, for then the slump velocity would accelerate. The only remedy is for business- to think like peace-men, instead of like war men. We could in the next four years do a prodigious export trade—if we restored credit. But if war, to parody Mr. Wilson, has made us "too proud to think," then the Federation of British Industries must not complain if it gets hammered as a "wash-out" of visionary nincompoops. Of all the visionaries in the world to-day, those men were the most remarkable who, refusing Mr. Wilson's offer of American credit at Paris, imagined that Trade was a matter of one market and credit a victor's prerogative. To-day, they have reached their Utopia, it is a "dud." And now the Banks are frightened, for their credit advances really have as security Government insurance against falling prices, truly a wicked phenomenon, and not attached to any principle of convertibility There is no abundance. We have got to such a pitch in this respect that company flotations have ceased to have any ratio to the reality of credit. It cannot continue. We are simply over-capitalising ourselves on borrowed and incontrovertible money. We are making millions of "paper" out of paper, instead of getting real indemnities and real returns out of the enemy and Europe by natural process of production and absorption—Trade.

If Europe is to recover we must return to foundations of real credit, that is, we must cease making war, we must re-internationalise our mechanism or perish. Economics control, and the two pivots are Russia and America, the one without credit, the other with the gold. Adjust these polarities, and we can trade; failure to adjust can only lead to further decline and stagnation. These two economic insulations are thus the factors of control or decomposition in which we, by sea power, turn the balance. An epoch is dying. Credit has outgrown its cradle, that is all; capitalism has exceeded its functions. To make capital real again, to make capitalism useful again—these are the world's anxieties as they are pre-conditions of a new order.

What is a Poem?

By Thomas Moult

A VASTLY bewildering affair, that first poem must have been to the first poet. With precisely the feelings of Emmeline in the presence of her island-born baby, as Mr. Stacpoole portrays them in *The Blue Lagoon*, would the primal bard survey his equally unexpected offspring; we know this because the experience of the poets who have followed him has been similar always; and poetry will assuredly continue to bewilder its creators, even to the last poet of all. Those moments of lyrical ardour and steadily exultant sonneteering, of ballad magic, of the intricate and not always instinctive emotions of the rondeau and villanelle no less, are not the kind of moments that can be explained away or defined with scientific precision of term; at least, not by those who experience them. The creative artist does little in cold blood beyond punctuate the phrases he has smitten at the furnace of his own heart: the critic alone regards himself as capable of undertaking their analysis. The man who experiences the joy of creation is not the man who creates the jargon. It has always been infinitely more attractive to the poet to regard in his poems the rhyme rather than the reason: not that it follows from this, however, that there is more reason in poetry nowadays because there is less rhyme. The history of criticism, so far as it concerns the poetic art, mainly tells of the rushing in of commentators where the poets themselves have feared to tread. The definitions of a poem have been as numerous as the commentators. On occasion, though futile, they are interesting; mostly they are futile merely. After all, there is poetry and poetry; and a definition that is comprehensive enough in one instance will be totally inadequate if applied to another. As the late Canon Rawnsley's dalesman replied when he was sounded on the subject of his old familiars, William Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge:

"Ya're weel aware there's potry and potry. There's potry wi' a li'le bit pleasant in it, and potry sic as a man can laugh at or the childer understand, and some as takes a deal of mastery to make out what's said, and a deal of Wordsworth's was this sort, ye kna. You could tell fra the man's faace his potry would niver have a laugh in it. Hartley 'ud goa running along beside o' the brooks and mak his, and goa in the first oppen door and write what he had got up o' paper. But Wordsworth's potry was real hard stuff, and bided a good deal of makking, and he'd

keep it in his head for long enough. Eh, but it's queer, mon, different ways folks hes of making potry now. . . ."

Such admirable words are these of the old Westmorlander that we are inclined to turn gratefully to them (in the volume of *Wordsworthiana*, edited forty years ago by William Knight) whenever we come upon a new definition of a poem. There was one, for example, in the book pages of a recent issue of a leading political weekly review, which has an especial interest because it embodies a fallacy which takes us back to the primitive. The writer himself regards the whole problem as of extreme simplicity, for he claims that "everybody with a fairly clear head, and not too much nonsense about him, recognises a real poem as inevitably and with as much assurance as he recognises the first swallow of April." Which means, we presume, either that some mysterious fogginess invades our brain whenever we are confronted with a poem of our own day, or that the process of recognition is so slow that it takes a good proportion of those with the "fairly clear heads" nine months and a reprint in a bound volume to be assured about the significance of Mr. William H. Davies' remarkable poem *The Song of Life*,* which appeared in the ENGLISH REVIEW at the beginning of the year. Sometimes, as in the case of John Clare, it takes fifty. And in certain other instances, a hundred. But perhaps through all the periods of literary history hitherto there were no "fairly clear heads" at all, and few enough in our own enlightened times . . .

Although the writer appears to make a distinction, in the passage quoted, between a poem and the "first swallow of April," he comes to an identification of them in practically the next passage of his essay. "The World," he says, "is full of fine poems which we live and which it is the purpose of our lives to act, see and feel." And then:

"Coming out of a narrow lane one day last year I saw a flycatcher sitting motionless at the extreme top of a dead branch at the top of a tall decayed larch, the whole breast thrown full out into the beams of the sun. . . . I came out of the same lane this year, and there, round the corner, was a silver birch, an ash loaded down with brilliant orange clusters of little grapes, and between the two trees a cow with a pelt of a uniform deep indigo. To find two poems in one place was as remarkable as two poems in one book of modern verse, but (granted the two poems in the book) the recognition was the same."

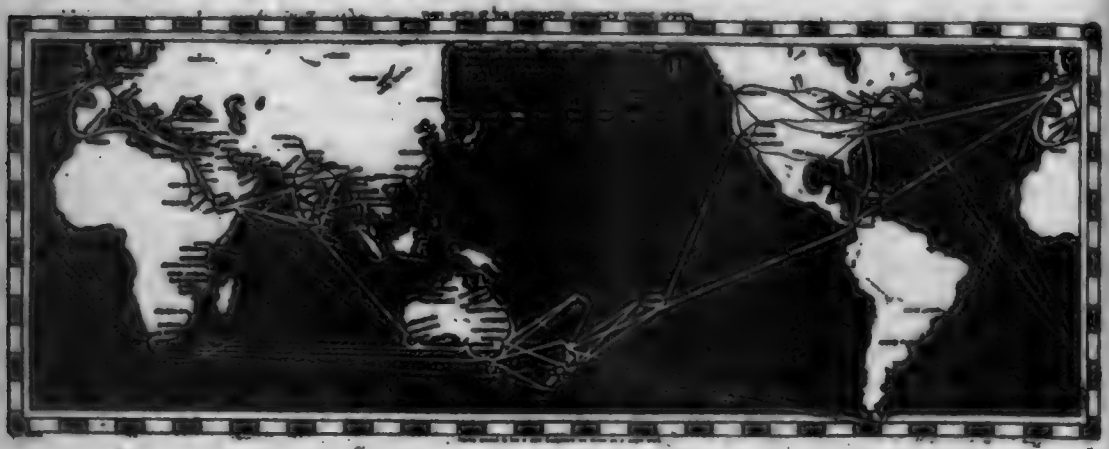
* *The Song of Life, and other Poems.* By William H. Davies, with a portrait by Laura Knight. Fifield. 5s. net.

It is apparent from this quotation that the writer has not been content to carry away his memories of the bird, the beast, and the branches. Nor has he permitted them to remain "poems" in the raw. He has striven to make us see them also, and to make a prose print of them, though how much success or failure there is in his attempt does not concern us now. We must therefore conclude that we are to accept the flycatcher as a poem and the poet's expression concerning it as a poem also. That matters should become complicated in a further paragraph is hardly our writer's fault, for it was inevitable, after an earlier claim he makes for every genuine poem as "religious," that he should argue against a poem (an "exercise of pure disinterestedness") being anything else than "moral." Which, we should say, though for our part we are not very clear-headed about it, immediately puts the flycatcher out of court as a poem in itself, if not the cow. Unless, of course, the bird has a social impulse for what we had regarded as a purely natural function.

Now comes the definition. "One might say that the only test of a poem is whether it can 'ring the bells of heaven,' and of its reader whether it can make him hear them also." Hitherto we have regarded a poem, and critics have usually agreed about it, as the outcome in more or less definable form of an exalted, unique attitude towards existence, and when the writer of the essay claims it to be "the duty of the poet, whether he write in verse or prose, or by his deeds, to play the bellringer for us," we beg respectfully to deny that it is anything of the kind. There was not even an echo of the aforesaid bells in *The City of Dreadful Night*: instead of ringing the bells of heaven Thomson worked the bellows of hell, and yet he made a poem. So did Charles Baudelaire . . . It is not any particular city that is of importance, just as it is not the flycatcher or the birch, the ash, and the cow. It is the imaginative relationship of the artist to these things that matters. Only through him is anything beautiful—beauty being a quality entirely relative, entirely æsthetic, and non-existent if there be no æsthetic functioning. A poem is the consequence of æsthetic functioning in a very particular direction—which is the nearest approach to a definition we, being angels, dare and care to make.

P. & O., British India and New Zealand Companies
Mail, Passenger and Freight Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, BURMAH,
PERSIAN GULF, MAURITIUS, EAST & SOUTH AFRICA,
QUEENSLAND via Torres Straits.

Also AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND
from LONDON, SOUTHAMPTON or MEDITERRANEAN PORTS, via Suez, Panama, the Cape, Vancouver or San Francisco.



Apply: For Freight or General Information—
P. & O. and British India Companies, 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3;
New Zealand Shipping Co., or Union S.S. Co. of N.Z., 138, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.
For Passage:—P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1.

Books

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

BOOK PLATES. By FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A. Morland Press. £2 2s. net.

THE man who possesses his own bookplate is a happy adventurer. The book-lover is risking unfathomable dangers when he takes the resolve to affix to the inner cover of every one of his volumes a drawing which an artist has done especially for him and which is as character-revealing as a portrait. For he links thereby his own personality with that of readers in the future when his eyes can no longer read and when the book has gone out of his loving hands into those of bookmen unknown. The importance of choosing one's bookplate is, therefore, considerable. As Mr. Eden Phillpotts says in the foreword to Mr. Brangwyn's volume, quoting from Mr. James Guthrie, "not every artist will help you if you let go the coat-tails of our ancient heroes to do some wayfaring on your own account."

For this reason we trust that this sumptuous and beautifully produced book will be followed not merely by similar experiments on the part of other famous artists, but by a further and well-edited collection of examples taken from each. In this way we would be

enabled to estimate by comparison the quality of Mr. Brangwyn's work *as* bookplates—not altogether possible in isolation. But we detect that his strength, richness, and what is technically called "fat" colour are the peculiar virtues of a woodcut—combined admirably, as Mr. Hesketh Hubbard points out in his technical note, with a trace of stiffness and archaism which gives it that touch of austerity and dignity, Dureresque, Holbeinesque, so difficult if it be not spontaneous, and so desirable. It is good that Mr. Brangwyn should have undergone his period of "mural" discipline. T. M.

ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS. By CHRISTINE CHANNDLER. Illustrated by MACKENZIE. Nisbet. 15s. net.

THE old, old tale of King Arthur and his Knights, and poor Tristram and Isolde, here it is again and really admirably told in chaste language which children can understand and their elders appreciate. It is quite unusually well done and we heartily recommend this volume as a Christmas present.

IRISH FAIRY TALES. By JAMES STEPHENS. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.

THE tales of Ireland are so many and varied that only an Irishman can deal with them, and one rejoices to find James Stephens

AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK
A fresh handling of the subject, with many distinctive features.

A SHORT
HISTORY of the BRITISH COMMONWEALTH
By RAMSAY MUIR
Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester
VOL. I.
THE ISLANDS AND THE FIRST EMPIRE
(TO 1763).
Medium Octavo, 824 pages, with Chronological Index, Cloth Boards, 17s. 6d. net.
The story of the British Commonwealth, regarded as a single whole, but also as a part of the greater commonwealth of Western civilisation. The story of a number of peoples gradually learning to live together in a free partnership, inspired by their common enjoyment of the institutions of political liberty.
To be followed by a Second Volume of similar dimensions which will bring the story down to the GREAT WAR.
PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION.
"A standard work both for reading and for reference; he (Professor Muir) has an excellent narrative style, a gift of lucid exposition, and powers of interpretation and suggestion. A book of this kind has been badly wanted, and the need has been amply supplied."—*Glasgow Herald.*
A COMPANION VOLUME TO THIS WORK IS
PHILIPS' HISTORICAL ATLAS FOR STUDENTS
By RAMSAY MUIR, M.A.
154 Coloured Maps and Diagrams, etc., etc. Size 9 by 5½ inches, cloth, 10s. net, Quarter-leather, 13s. 6d. net.
GEORGE PHILIP & SON, Ltd., 32 Fleet Street, LONDON, E.C.4.

GYLDENDAL
GROWTH OF THE SOIL 9/- net.
PAN 7/6 net.
By KNUT HAMSUN (Norwegian).
NOBEL PRIZE 1920.
GUEST, THE ONE-EYED
By GUNNAR GUNNARSSON (Iceland) 8/6 net.
A powerful story of sin and atonement by the Author of "Sworn Brothers."
THE OUTCAST
By SELMA LAGERLÖF (Swedish) 8/6 net.
The story of a noble character in conflict with the judgment of his fellows. A book of great dramatic power.
VAN ZANTEN'S HAPPY DAYS
By LAURIDS BRUUN (Danish) 7/6 net.
The love and adventures of "Van Zanten" in a tropical Utopia of the sexes, will certainly be talked about this season.
THE SONG OF THE BLOOD RED FLOWER [2nd Imp.]
By JOHANNES LINNANKOSKI (Finnish) 7/- net.
KITTENS
By SVEND FLEURON (Danish) 6/- net.
Another fine nature study by the author of "Grim: the Story of a Pike."
DELPHI
By FREDERIK POULSEN (Danish) 21/- net.
With Preface by Prof. PERCY GARDNER.
Dr. Poulsen has already a great reputation as an authority in Greek Art and its origin. The richest of archæological fields is here surveyed, with expert elucidation of its buildings and art, as well as of Delphic Mythology.
The numerous excellent illustrations are a feature of the work.
GYLDENDAL, 11, BURLEIGH ST., STRAND, W.C.2. *Write for List*

with his accomplished style in partnership with Rackham embroidering so flowery a subject. They are, of course, not for little children, these things—Ireland is not on the level of Peter Pan, but they are weird and romantic and full of quiet charm so peculiar to a people who never lose their tempers. Stephens has free play in a work of this kind. An excellent book.

AWAKENING. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. *7s. 6d.* net.

HERE is a charming Christmas book for young and old. Mr. Galsworthy as a Christmas fabulist is something of a novelty. He does it excellently with a touch that announces the artist. And his boy is a real boy and the whole thing is very pretty and English and so, let us hope, true. Quite a feature of the volume are the quaint illustrations by R. H. Sauter, who must still be a boy and here promises to be a full man. Children will appreciate these thumbnail sketches with their wealth of detail and imaginative energy, for they are of the essence of the child's mind and have a very real artistic quality of movement and improvisation. If this is Sauter's first appearance, we should say: Watch that lad. He and Mr. Galsworthy together form a delightful companionship in art and letters.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

OUR WOMEN. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Cassell. *7s. 6d.* net.

THERE is much profundity in this "throw-off" of the novelist who seems to be dissecting his own method or analysing his own definitions in an attempt to size up the new woman, casually, as it were, as a man might let himself rip after dinner in the bosom of his library. It does not carry very far, but it is not intended to. Mr. Bennett is too wise for that. His critical faculty is prodigious, his insight instinctive, his premises are sound; he feels he is on terra firma and can afford one or two sweeping generalisations, such as that no woman ever made one. Here he is wrong. Mrs. Eddy certainly has taught Christianity in a way no Church has since the gladiatorial shows; and the vote that made America dry was woman's. Of course Mr. Bennett repeats the truth about woman's non-creative faculty, and curiously enough nothing annoys women more than this assertion. Yet it stands. He puts his finger on the right spot over the economics of the modern woman. He sums up that the sex discord is natural and inevitable, but that there is not so much difference between the sexes after all. Mr. Bennett will not be crucified. The work is essentially a novelist's analysis and contains many delightful passages of wit and wisdom, for he is a graceful executioner—himself at peace with the world. He is on his throne in this line. He has no doubts. The male is the superior animal, woman prefers domination. Quite true. All this has been said before, but the more it is said the more we like it, and still no woman ventures to write about man in the same lordly and possessive fashion.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

Its story interpreted by
CONINGSBY DAWSON.

In this book the little house tells of the love story that took place within its walls—tells with delightful quaintness, and yet with graphic power, how it moulded the course of three lives, and achieved their happiness. The beautiful illustrations by Stella Langdale make the book an ideal gift.

6s. net.

STEPHEN LEACOCK'S

new book,
WINSOME WINNIE and OTHER NEW NONSENSE NOVELS

5s. net.

OVER THE FIRESIDE

(WITH SILENT FRIENDS)
By RICHARD KING

Author of "With Silent Friends," "Passion and Pot-Pourri," etc. With an Introduction by SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, Bart., G.B.E.

6s. net.

THE HAND IN THE DARK

By ARTHUR J. REES

Author of "The Shrieking Pit," and co-author of "The Hampstead Mystery," etc.

9s. net.

MEN AND TANKS

By J. C. MACINTOSH. 5s. net.

Mr. Macintosh has written the epic of the Tank Corps. His book is full of life and movement; admirably real, and in the battle stages enthralling and terrible.

BEHIND BOCHE BARS

By ERNEST WARBURTON

6s. 6d. net.

A highly interesting description of a young English officer's internment as a prisoner of war in Germany.

SILHOUETTES OF MARS

By MAJOR W. G. PETERSON, D.S.O.

7s. 6d. net.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD,
VIGO STREET, : : : : W.1.

EDITH WHARTON'S

New Book

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

A fascinating story of high society life: of passion and tragedy. Mrs. Wharton's literary style is a thing of beauty from the first page to the last. A first review says it is one of the best novels of the century.

8s. 6d. net.

THE CRIMSON TIDE.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Mr. Chambers is in his most picturesque and exciting vein in this story of love and adventure in Russia and New York.

THE PORTYGEE.

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN.

A humorous story remarkable for its characters and love interest.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

COMTE FLEURY.

Two Volumes. Gilt Top. 35s. net.

GOD'S SMILE.

JULIUS MAGNUSSEN.

"We shall whisper this truth to those whose eyes are blinded with tears: God smiles to the world." An amazing human document on recent psychical phenomena by the author of the successful play, "His only Wife." The Danish edition of this work ran through ten editions in one month, and it has created a furore throughout Europe. 7s. 6d. net.

MEMORIES OF BUFFALO BILL.

HIS WIFE.

With Portrait. 12s. 6d. net.

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE GREAT WAR.

ALBERT SCHINZ.

Discusses the most remarkable of the French Books published during the war. 10s. 6d. net.

GERMAN LEADERS OF YESTERDAY.

E. DOMBROWSKI.

Uncensored Celebrities of Germany. 10s. 6d. net.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

A. C. WHITAKER.

The most intelligible and comprehensive presentation of the subject yet placed before the business man.

25s. net.

MORALE.

G. S. HALL.

The author shows us that morale is the measurement for all human conduct and institutions.

Complete Lists on application:

D. APPLETON & COMPANY,
25, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON.

GODS AND THEIR MAKERS. By LAURENCE HOUSEMAN. George Allen and Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN these graceful embroideries on the god-idea Mr. Houseman is more concerned with poetic imaginings than with the dark diabolisms of early theogonies. The anthropologist would hardly strike an idyllic note, but then he would be tied to sombre facts and lose the witty and imaginative charm for which this laughing synthesis is conspicuous. The quiet irony of the banished gods doing willing service to Petti and Aystah, to gain a perfunctory kowtow, and the fate of these grotesques when the high priest's fierce god Cham-Pum arrives, is delightfully funny; in fact, the jollier Mr. Houseman allows himself to be the better he succeeds. In the rollicking farce, for instance, of Luigi and Beppo we find a *conte* of the authentic quality. The Snake god who lived by eating his own tail, the Blind god who made little mud worlds in idleness, and the story of the child saint and the devil are all pleasant bits of irony. The verses which originally appeared as chapter headings to *Gods and their Makers* are grouped as an appendix and complete a volume of real charm.

THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST. By SIR HENRY LUCY. Murray. 15*s.* net.

SIR HENRY LUCY has been acknowledged by two generations as the Prince of Gossip Above Stairs. Just as, below stairs, the eternal chatter of cook or housemaid amounts to little else than a disease, so these countless journals, diaries, and "London letters" covering half a century must have been the result of a kind of disease—a happy disease, none the less, for Sir Henry's talk is alert and cheerful even when its subject is most sad. Princes and Premiers, actors, authors, and society hostesses and hooligans flit through his pages with embarrassing swiftness—so ephemeral is their appearance that we find ourselves reading about the death of Lady Ridley from influenza before we have fairly grasped the significance of the inability of Eton to provide sufficient funds for a bust of Gladstone, its "most famous and most brilliant boy" (Sir Henry's opinion). Not that such significance is worth the grasping; the fault of Sir Henry's books generally is that it hardly ever is.

The reader will do well to turn first to the five concluding chapters, which are more serious studies, rather illuminating, of Charles Dilke, George Wyndham, Joseph Chamberlain, Frank Burnand, and John Morley. The tragedy of Dilke is especially well described. For it would be a mistake to attempt to read the volume right through; trivialities (which comprise the most of it) are always impossible to assimilate except singly. Which is why the publisher has committed an offence in issuing the *Diary* without index. One ought not to be obliged to wade through 240 pages concerning nonentities before coming on such a gem of a story as that concerning Sir Boyle Roche and his apology to some ladies who had come to the House of Commons to hear a particular debate which had been postponed. "Indeed, ladies," said Sir Boyle, "I'm very sorry for your disappointment; but why didn't you come to-morrow?"

T. M.

Plays for a People's Theatre

THE PLAYS *in* THIS SERIES WILL MERIT *the* ATTENTION *of* THOSE WHOSE EYES *are* TURNED TOWARDS *the* FUTURE

		Price net
1	THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. A Play in four Acts. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING	3/6
2	TOUCH AND GO. A Play with a "Labour" interest. By D. H. LAWRENCE	3/6
3	THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY. A Morality in three scenes. By HAMILTON FYFE	3/6
4	THE GREEN RING. A Play in four Acts. Translated from the Russian of Zinaida Hippius by S. S. KOTELIANSKY	3/6
5	LOVE-FIBS. A Rustic Comedy in one Act. By MARGARET MACNAMARA	1/6
6	LIGHT-GRAY OR DARK? A Play in one Act. By MARGARET MACNAMARA	1/6
7	MRS. HODGES. A Comedy of Rural Politics in two Acts. By MARGARET MACNAMARA	2/-
8	MEN AT WAR. A Play in two Scenes. By S. J. SCHOFIELD	2/-
9	THE WITCH. A Drama in one Act. By MARGARET MACNAMARA	1/6

Other Volumes in preparation.

THE HANDMAIDENS OF DEATH. A Play in one Act. By HERBERT TREMAINE 1/-

LONDON: C. W. DANIEL, LTD., 3, Tudor Street, E.C. 4

THE RONALD BALFOUR OMAR.

Omar Khayyam. With 2 Drawings in Colour and Black and White by a new artist. The sensation of the year. 21s. net

ARTHUR RACKHAM'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

Snowdrop.	By the Brothers GRIMM.	20 Coloured Plates.	17s. 6d. net
Hansel and Grethel.	By the Brothers GRIMM.	20 Coloured Plates.	17s. 6d. net
Little Brother and Little Sister.	By the Brothers GRIMM.	12 Coloured Plates.	12s. 6d. net
Some British Ballads.			16s. net

WALTER DE LA MARE'S POEMS:

Collected Poems.	2 Vols.	27s. 6d. net
A Child's Day.	Illustrated by CARINE and WILL CADBY.	7s. 6d. net
Peacock Pie.	Illustrated by W. HEATH ROBINSON.	12s. 6d. net

COLONEL REPINGTON'S DAIRY.

The First World War, 1914–1918. 6th Impression printing. CHARLES À COURT REPINGTON, C.M.G. 2 Vols. 42s. net

PRINCESS BLUCHER'S DIARY.

An English Wife in Berlin. 8th Imp. printing. By EVELYN PRINCESS BLUCHER. 19s. net

THE LIFE OF SIR STANLEY MAUDE.

Authorised Memorial Biography of the Conqueror of Baghdad. By Major-General Sir C. E. CALLWELL, K.C.B. Illustrated. 21s. net

W. T. MASSEY'S PALESTINE TRILOGY.

The Desert Campaigns.	Illustrated by JAMES McBEY.	6s. net.	By W. T. MASSEY.
How Jerusalem Was Won.	Illustrated.	21s. net.	By W. T. MASSEY.
Allenby's Final Triumph.	Illustrated.	21s. net.	By W. T. MASSEY.

CONSTABLE & CO. LTD. 10-12 ORANGE ST. LONDON W.C.2.

THE PASSION OF LABOUR. By ROBERT LYND. G. Bell and Sons. 6*s.* net.

The Passion of Labour is not political nor partisan; it is about as far from any tang of the street-corner soap box as can be; but for all that there is a thrust of sincerity in these suave, persuasive, and witty pages, for Mr. Lynd is in the true sense futurist. His kingdom of heaven, however, is not to be taken by violence, neither by hating bolshevik nor profiteer, but rather by loving the human and laughing at the label. "The Passion of Growth" would have been an equally apt title, for these wise and good-humoured essays—well worth reading for their charm of manner alone—contain the essence of sweet reasonableness and good sportsmanship; they smooth out a lot of ugly and unnecessary asperities by the magic of mother-wit.

FICTION.

THE CAPTIVES. By HUGH WALPOLE. Macmillan. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN *The Captives* Mr. Walpole has planned a big book; he has not stinted the measure, nor cramped his theme for space. The central idea is, briefly, the triumph of sincerity in escaping from the toils of hypocrisy and hysteria by following the clue of spiritual honesty; and Maggie Cardinal is the Ariadne of this labyrinth. Her experiences begin extraordinarily well, leading the reader through places and amongst persons strangely and picturesquely surviving in an atmosphere of fiery religious enthusiasm and charlatanry. It is here that she finds her fellow-captive, also a rebel with reactions—the comrade with whom she at last stands hand in hand and free. But the darkness before the dawn, in the parish life of a trippers' seaside town, has an interminableness not fully warranted by its quality, provoking something dangerously like tedium by the over-elaboration of a phase. The Aunts, the Kingscote Brethren, Uncle Matthew, and all the atmosphere of the earlier part of the book will rank as Mr. Walpole's best, whilst Maggie is a triumph of clear and lovable sincerity, for whose sake it is worth while to endure even protraction.

SNOW OVER ELDEN. By THOMAS MOULT. Heinemann. 9*s.* net.

IN this maiden novel Mr. Thomas Moult carries us back to Sterne and Oliver Goldsmith. At first it is a shock: this gentle domestic atmosphere, this hempen talk of a Peakland family, this melodious sentimentality which refuses all modern psychology and the depths of human emotions. It has undeniable literary charm, and reflects in a way rare among modern authors a sincerity and nobility of feeling. We feel we are once more among the people of Goldsmith, as far away from the Russians and the French as a writer almost could get. With no plot, almost without incident, it yet is a love story, gradually shaping itself into the ending of the novels of our forefathers, where life was supposed to end with a ring upon a girl's finger. Mr. Moult does not tell us that they were happy ever afterwards, but we think they must have been, so happy has he been in this idyll of pastoral life, evidently lived, and now presented with much simplicity of human sweetness.

"A book worth reading is a book worth buying."

BOOKS WORTH BUYING FOR GIFTS

The Reign of Patti.

By HERMAN KLEIN. Cloth, 21*s.* net.

This is the authorised biography of Adelina Patti. It is a book for every reader interested in music, and for every reader who delights to come in contact with one of those thrilling, flaming personalities which are given but rarely to the world.

The Art of Letters.

By ROBERT LYND, author of "Old and New Masters." Cloth, 15*s.* net.

Mr. Lynd writes of the labour of authorship, of the theory of poetry, of the critic as destroyer, of the personality of William Morris, of Oscar Wilde, of George Meredith, of Tennyson, of the politics of Swift and Shakespeare, of Pepys, Bunyan and many others.

A Naturalist on Lake Victoria: With an Account of Sleeping Sickness and the Tse-Tse Fly.

By G. D. HALE CARPENTER, D.M., B.Ch. Oxon. Fully Illustrated. Cloth, 28*s.* net.

"Forty months' close study on the shores and islands of Lake Victoria have enabled Dr. Hale Carpenter to give not only a valuable account of the history and symptoms of sleeping sickness, but also to describe the scenery, climate, and animal and insect life of the Lake."—*The Times.*

The Johnson Club Papers, 1920.

By Various Hands. Edited by GEORGE WHALE and JOHN SARGEAUNT. Cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

This volume includes contributions from, among others, Edward Clodd, Sir George Radford, A. B. Walkley and H. B. Wheatley.

English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages (XIVth Century)

By J. J. JUSSERAND. New Edition, revised and re-set, and with New Illustrations. Cloth, 25*s.* net.

"Pray do not order this volume at the library. Buy it if you are wise, and keep it as a joy for ever."—*Dr. Augustus Jessopp, in the "Nineteenth Century."*

A Defence of Liberty.

By the Rt. Hon. OLIVER BRETT. Cloth, 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

This book deals with the origins and tendencies of modern political movements.

Supers and Supermen. Studies in Politics, History and Letters.

By PHILIP GUEDELLA. Cloth, 15*s.* net.

These brilliant studies by a young Oxford historian and politician cover a wide field, from King Alfred to President Wilson.

"Mr. Philip Guedella has produced the most entertaining volume of historical and biographical studies that has appeared since 'Eminent Victorians.'"—*The Times.*

Contemporary Portraits. Men of My Day in Public Life.

By the Rt. Hon. SIR ALGERNON WEST. With many Illustrations. Cloth, 18*s.* net.

"Sir Algernon West has written a pleasant book illustrated with many portraits, on the many distinguished civil servants who were his contemporaries."—*The Spectator.*

"It is rich in anecdotes that have not hitherto been circulated or are long forgotten."—*Country Life.*

The Glamour of Prospecting.

By F. C. CORNELL. Illustrated. 21*s.* net. (*Second Impression.*)

"The writer of this book describes in terse, vivid fashion his excursions into all the waste and inaccessible parts of South Africa in search of copper, gold, diamonds, emeralds and the like. Strange places and strange adventures, starvation, thirst, physical dangers, hardships, hairbreadth escapes from most unpleasant fates till his story."—*Bookman.*

The Tanganyika Territory: (Formerly German East Africa) Characteristics and Potentialities.

By F. S. JOELSON. With a Map and Illustrations. Cloth, 21*s.* net.

In this work the author has set himself to give an insight into the conditions, problems and possibilities of our new East African Mandatory.

"M.A.B." (*Mainly About Books*). *An illustrated monthly magazine containing excerpts from new books.* *Annual subscription 1/- post free.*

T. FISHER UNWIN, LTD., 1, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.2

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. By EDITH WHARTON. D. Appleton and Co. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

MRS. WHARTON is of the great tradition. Now that George Moore has definitely banished us from the light of his countenance, and with Henry James amongst the immortals the grand style is running dry: it truly belongs to that age of innocence of which this admirable story gives us a vivid reconstruction. Beginning in the early 'seventies, on a Christine Nilsson night at the old Academy of Music in New York, and ending in Paris of the age of motor-cars and telephones, most of the action is concerned with an epoch to which we are beginning to revert with a certain awed admiration instead of amused contempt. The story is one of social implication and its figures move on a splendid stage, in which the scenery also acts. Still, remarkable and perfect as the reconstruction is, the comedy, with its tragic undertone, takes hold with such power and completeness that the differences, at which we have so long smiled superior, come only as a piquant sauce. When, for example, we find the truly great ladies refraining from wearing their Paris gowns for at least a year after their arrival, in order not to look like quite unmentionable persons, we have merely a touch of reality which asserts itself with gilt bamboo jardinières and Brown coupés, standard lamps and the other smartnesses of the age. It would have been so easy to dehumanise the people by the very weight of their manners and surroundings, but, once more, Mrs. Wharton is of the grand style and sees her theme so fully rounded and complete that she is able to add to the exquisiteness of her finish the delicious note of retrospect and to make us at once contemporaries and spectators of her perfectly drawn characters—a truly remarkable and delightful book.

THE OUTCAST. By SELMA LAGERLÖF. Gyldendal. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.
KITTENS. By SVEND FLEURON. Gyldendal. 6*s.* net.

MANY good things come from the Copenhagen house of Gyldendal by way of their London office, and this month adds two new and significant books to their Scandinavian series; *The Outcast*, by the Swedish writer, Selma Lagerlöf, and *Kittens*, by a Danish author, Svend Fleuron: both are extraordinarily readable. *The Outcast* has very fully developed the northland mysticism, which transmutes obscure spiritual emotions into directive causes; the story has at once the charm of the unusual and the force and sincerity of folk-lore—very fresh, in motive and manner to British readers. Svend Fleuron's *Kittens* is a family chronicle of cat life with much of the simple charm which distinguishes Henri Fabre's nature studies. From the moment that one is introduced to Grey Cat, the mother, the interest never flags and one is convinced that all the adventurous story of a single brood of ishmaelite kittens is the result of intimate and sympathetic knowledge. There is no namby-pamby humanised touch but the comprehension, so simply and easily displayed, is almost uncanny and entirely absorbing. A word of appreciation is due to the good get up and admirably artistic wrappers of these books.

RELIABLE FURS

All our Furs are of a particularly reliable character. They are made on the premises under thoroughly hygienic conditions by our own highly skilled furriers from skins that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. The fit, shape and finish are invariably excellent. The prices are the lowest possible compatible with the quality of the skins used.

Original Model FUR COAT (as sketch), worked from the finest quality moleskins, with collar, fronts and cuffs of smoke fox, lined rich embroidered Crêpe de Chine.

PRICE

225 Gns.

This model can also be copied in seal musquash and skunk, nutria and sable fox, and other soft furs.

Seal Coney Coats made from reliable skins in practical and becoming shapes.
Price from **25 Gns.**

Seal Coney Coats with skunk collar, from **39 Gns.**

Fur Coats in French Dyed seal musquash, with skunk collars, from **125 Gns.**

The prices quoted for these Fur Coats are to-day's value.

FUR CATALOGUE.
A beautifully illustrated Catalogue of Furs and Fur Fashions will be sent post free in response to enquiries.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W

Advertisement Supplement

Toys of Quality

¶ It was a happy thought of Messrs. Heal and Son to combine an exhibition of old toys with a market of to-day's product of the toy-maker's art, selected with appreciation from a wide field. British toys have a poor reputation, but here we find home-made toys of character, quaintness, and beauty, in every sense fit to take their place in the famous Mansard Gallery with the *cachet* of "Heal" approval. The Stoke Newington War Relief toys include Noah's arks, from 16*s.* 6*d.* to £5 10*s.*, the latter with sixty admirably carved animals full of character and style. The Farm House toy from this centre is also a most complete and artistic creation, worthy to take a place with the beautiful books with which the æsthetics of childhood are fostered. The product of the French Wounded Soldiers is also extremely good—a Swan Chariot for £3 17*s.* 6*d.* that every child will wish to ride in. A horse pair with some real Bonheur about it costs 39*s.* 6*d.*, and a delightful French cart with two percheron horses is priced at £4 17*s.* 6*d.* "Jackson's" animals are good because they are inspired by real knowledge combined with naïvety; they are of varying prices, the large elephant costing £2 10*s.* Then there are some good things left over from the Lord Roberts Wounded Soldier industry, amongst them a family baker's cart at 58*s.* 6*d.*, and a Noah's ark for £3 17*s.* 6*d.* A praiseworthy revival is found in the John Pollock theatres—such as our grandfathers played with in the long past, complete with proscenium, act drop scenery, footlights, and players—a toy of abiding interest. Miss Hetherington's toys have also been drawn upon—quaint and beautifully made Punch and Judy shows at £3 3*s.*, large Steam Rollers at 31*s.*, and practicable Wheelbarrows at £2 7*s.* 6*d.* Many quaint and delightful Dutch toys are also here priced from a guinea, and perhaps the most varied and artistic part of the collection, the Czecho-Slovakian toys of polished and painted wood having extremely beautiful and artistic character. Many of these finely carved and decorated toys are made by Russian and Bohemian children who have the tradition of toy-making in their blood. A brood of chickens, for example, at 17*s.* 6*d.* is a real work of art. Birds and animals in great variety are here; serviette rings at 3*s.*, small fans for 5*s.*, paper knives at 3*s.* 6*d.*, and many ornamental boxes give scope for charm of decoration, form, and surface to these lovers of the beautiful. Altogether, Messrs. Heal's Toy Show gives us a chance of selecting charming and inexpensive things from a truly admirable collection.

The Islanders

¶ Little need be said about our merchant service to-day. They have given their proofs and incidentally raised their honourable status. But of the boys whose hearts hear the sea a-calling we must take good care. The *Arethusa* Jack and his congeners are the raw material of our great overseas enterprise—youths worth fostering to get the right sort of men in the right sort of ships, and incidentally to save and help the poor lads who might grow up as

A Point for every hand.

Oblique - - - - -
Broad - - - - -
Med Broad - -
Turned-up - - -
Medium - - - -
Fine - - - - - - -

Size 2C
" Swan Safety "
15/-

Size 3
No. 360.
27/6
18-ct. rolled gold bands.

Size 1.
No. 1600.
17/6
18-ct. rolled gold bands.

The Perfect Gift.

The "Swan" is the very messenger of friendship and with every use it will inspire a kindly thought of the donor. It is a beautiful gift, yet useful and lasting, and will prove a constant pocket or desk companion.

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

Prices 12/6, 15/-, 21/-, 25/-, 30/- upwards.
Sold by STATIONERS and JEWELLERS.
Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.

MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., SWAN HOUSE, 133-135, Oxford St., London, W.1. London Branches: 79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.1; 97, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95a, Regent Street, W.1; and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester, Paris, Brussels, Zurich, Sydney, Cape Town and Toronto.

unskilled and uncared-for slum-dwellers. This is one reason—a rational and economic one, if you will—why we should help the *Arethusa* training ship and the Shaftesbury Homes to rear and educate and teach their twelve hundred boys and girls to make good citizens, good sailors, and good mothers. Another and a better reason is that this old-established institution, whose patrons are the King and Queen, and the president of which is the Prince of Wales, is doing for the destitute little ones a public, a national, duty, because they are young, and destitute, and helpless. It is a long and fine story, this good work; if you would know more, write to the secretary at the National Refuge Offices, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, and he will be glad to send you full information and subscription forms.

The Great Present Question

¶ It is often very much more embarrassing to know what to give than to send the gift, and those things of universal acceptance are rare—the welcome gift at once desirable, useful, handy to pack and to send, and sufficiently important to be a permanent possession. What is it? The answer is simple: a "Swan" Fount-Pen, ready packed with filler in a portable box, a gift always welcome, a personal and valued tool for a lifetime. If you had not thought of it you will thank me for the suggestion as much as your friend will thank you for the present. These pens, with their iridium gold nibs, have stood the test of many years, and have achieved a standard value. A "Swan" Fount-Pen is one of those treasured possessions no one can afford to do without. It is distinguished for its simplicity, strength, and entire freedom from complicated or wearing parts. It is accurately made, and the parts fit to a nicety. "Swan" Pens may be safely posted to any part of the world for 4d. or 6d., and any pen found unsuitable may be exchanged after presentation. Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd., will send an illustrated catalogue post free on request to them at Swan House, 133-135 Oxford Street, W.1.

Christmas in Hospital

¶ While you are planning for the happiness of your own little children, don't forget the little ones who are obliged through sickness and suffering to spend Christmas in hospital, away from home and the Yuletide joys and happiness. All these little sufferers deserve sympathy, and many of them are poor and helpless, and sadly in want of care and attention. The Great Northern Central Hospital is making a special appeal this year to enable the children in their care to share in the general rejoicing. Your kind donations should be sent to Gilbert G. Panter, Esq., Secretary, Great Northern Central Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

Cancer Research

¶ The recent researches of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund have greatly advanced their knowledge of cancer, and it is not too much to hope that the further prosecution of the investigations will yield results of the greatest importance on the nature and treatment of the disease. The object of the Research is for the good, not only of the whole British Empire, but of the whole world, and the annual expenses still considerably exceed the assured income of the Fund. This important work, which alleviates such great suffering, deserves everyone's sympathy and

KING'S HEAD
Tobacco

A pipe filled with this ripe tobacco, and a pouch to replenish the empty bowl, are an assurance of quiet contentment, and perfect satisfaction. The flavour is satisfying to the experienced smoker.

THREE NUNS
is a similar but milder blend

Both are sold everywhere at the same price

Packets: 1-oz. 1/2–2-oz. 2/4. Tins: 2-oz. 2/5–4-oz. 4/8

"Three Nuns" Cigarettes

In	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand-made	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited, 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow (684)

"THE CHILDREN'S MAN"

A wholesome respect for the "Children's Man"—the Inspector of THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN—is now widespread throughout the country. Prevention, not prosecution, is the Society's policy: but it fears neither costs nor criticism when the fate of a helpless little child is in the balance. In 36 years it has dealt with 2,964,000 cases of neglect, want, or cruelty. Inspectors are in all parts of the Kingdom to defend and protect suffering Children. An URGENT APPEAL is being made for £30,000 to meet increased expenses.

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR THE CHILDREN.

Write to-day to ROBERT J. PARR, O.B.E., Director

THE **N.S.P.C.C.**

Central Offices: LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2.

December, the month of retrospect and reflection. The closing chapter of another volume of Time.

Age with sage-like eyes looks on at younger generations, and speaks of food. "Eat best brown bread. Eat

BERMALINE

'Tis of Scottish origin, and easily digested. Aye! Eat plenty of Bermaline. Butter it well with fresh butter, for the childer at Christmas. Aye! An' dinna forget."

support. Donations and subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Examination Hall, Queen Square, London, W.C.

The Staff of Life

¶ Too little attention is often paid to that important item of our diet —"daily bread." Women of the past who made their own were far greater critics of the food value of the staff of life than women of to-day, who buy it carelessly, without inquiry into its manufacture. There is bread and bread, and all housekeepers should be careful in selecting bread that is absolutely pure and clean, as well as nutritious and palatable. "Bermaline" bread is all this and more, for it has been recommended to many as part-remedy for impaired digestion. In the manufacture of this bread the Bermaline Extract (malt extract) reduces the starch in the flour to a minimum, and the diastase of the Bermaline converts the insoluble starch into soluble dextrine and sugar. The proprietors of "Bermaline," Messrs. Montgomerie and Co., Ltd., prepare the flour in their own mills, at Haddington and Glasgow, solely from the nutritious portion of the wheat berry together with specially selected barley. Bread made of such ingredients, almost entirely untouched by hands, under the best conditions, cannot fail to be deliciously appetising.

Any reader of the ENGLISH REVIEW who writes to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, will receive a sample loaf, and the address of the nearest "Bermaline" baker.

Cruelty to Children

¶ The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is faced at the moment with two important questions:—

Is the work to be cut down?

Are the children to suffer—because Funds are not forthcoming?

We all know that increased expenses are a wearisome commonplace, but it means to the N.S.P.C.C. that an additional £30,000 must be raised to meet expenditure during the year. Prevention, not prosecution, is the Society's policy, and during the year 1919-20 over 226,000 visits of supervision were made, and 100,448 children were helped. H.R.H. the Duke of York, when reviewing the Society's inspectors, said: "Your work is of the greatest importance. . . . The care and welfare of the children—the future citizens of our Empire—is a task which lays great responsibilities on your shoulders."

Inspectors are in all parts of the kingdom to defend and protect suffering children. Will you help them too by sending a Christmas Gift for the Children? All donations should be addressed to Robert J. Carr, Esq., O.B.E., Director, The N.S.P.C.C., Leicester Square, W.C.2.

A Christmas Gift

¶ The choice is bewildering. A tour of the shops usually adds to the difficulties of choosing just the right thing for friend or relative, and in the end some good people resort to sending what they hope will be the most useful or acceptable. Now there is one gift that is always sure of a welcome, and it happens to be something that for the rest of life will be an ever-present and pleasant reminder of the giver. This something is the world's famous writing implement, the Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND.

Patron—His Most Gracious Majesty THE KING.
President—His Grace the Duke of Bedford, K.G.
Honorary Treasurer—Sir George Makins, G.C.M.G., C.B.

The annual expenses of the Research still considerably exceed the assured income of the Fund. The object of the Research is for the good not only of the whole British Empire, but of the whole world. The scope of the work embraces systematic and detailed investigation of cancer in every part of the Empire as it occurs in the human race and in every species of the vertebrate kingdom. Our recent researches have undoubtedly advanced our knowledge of Cancer, and it is not too much to hope that the further prosecution of the investigations will ultimately yield results of the greatest importance on the nature and treatment of the disease.

Donations and Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Examination Hall, Queen Square, London, W.C., or may be paid to the London County, Westminster, and Parr's Bank, Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W., A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

IN the East they say: "*Do you Drink Tobacco?*" not "*Do you Smoke?*" —implying no mere puff-and-burn attitude towards the cigarette, but a restful, most deliberate savouring and rolling round the tongue of its soft fragrance and exquisite palate-pleasure.
In this mood you should, because of their fine quality, "drink"

MATINÉE
Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf
by ALLAN RAMSAY

213 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

A Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen combines the two essentials of a good gift—beauty with utility. It can be depended upon to do all the writing work of its owner all the year round—at home, in office, or on holiday. The late S. R. Crockett said: "To give away a Waterman's Ideal is to make a friend for life."

Waterman's Ideal Gold Nibs write with a smoothness that has never been equalled. They write with a free-flowing action that makes pen work a pleasure. Tipped as they are with costly iridium, they resist wear year after year.

The name of L. G. Sloan, Ltd., is familiar to all, and The Pen Corner, Kingsway, is a central place to see the Ideal pen and to test its quality. It can be had, of course, of all stationers and jewellers, everywhere.

A Good Wine

¶ Those who like white wine will be glad to learn of Moseloro, an Estate wine which is of a choice delicacy and possesses all the fine characteristics of the old-time German Moselles, but is infinitely superior in quality. Moseloro is a pure still wine of delightful bouquet and rich flavour—it is clean-tasting and wholesome, and recommended by the medical profession for those subject to gout and rheumatics. It is a brand of Estate wine specially selected from the choicest vineyards in France. Moseloro is obtainable at all leading hotels, restaurants, and wine merchants, or direct from Moseloro, 15 Charlotte Street, W.

For Day and Night

¶ There are three materials of notable interest, the names of which are familiar to us all; these are: "Viyella," "Aza," and "Clydella." They combine comfort with warmth, are practical and useful, and suitable for day and night wear in winter and summer weather. For winter nightgowns, shirts, and blouses, "Viyella" cannot be beaten; it is made in various weights, is soft, light, warm, and non-irritant, and that it is unshrinkable is proved by a guarantee being given to replace any garments if they should shrink in washing. The "Viyella" shirts and blouses are well cut and smartly shaped, and obtainable in great variety. Wearers of "Viyella" find "Aza," manufactured by the same firm, a pleasant change for the warmer days. For while "Viyella" is made in various weights, it is always a woolly texture, and "Aza" is a cloth rather different in texture—cool for summer wear, yet equally protective. "Clydella" is a new material which is fast winning the same favour as "Viyella" and "Aza"—a material of silky softness, and, like the others, one which will stand any amount of hard wear. It is quite unshrinkable, and obtainable in a variety of designs suitable for all purposes. "Clydella" is specially suitable for the home making-up of one's own garments—shirts, blouses, and underwear—while for children's frocks there is nothing better—a material, in fact, which will give every satisfaction for day and night wear. "Clydella," "Aza," and "Viyella" garments and material by the yard can be obtained of all drapers.

See Publishers' Announcements on Text pages 569 *to* 575.

A Happy
Bath-time

– the result of using

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

THE NURSERY SOAP. Protects from Infection.

THE FINANCIAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS

DECEMBER ISSUE.

CONTENTS:

The Problem of Permanent Industrial Peace.
(i) The Right Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.
(ii) HAROLD COX, M.A.

Canada after the War.
ELLIS T. POWELL, LL.B., D.Sc.

Debentures as a Medium for Investment.
C. R. STILES, F.S.S., F.R.G.S.

Should the Excess Profits Duty be Abolished?
T. HYNES, LL.B.

A National Scheme of Profit-Sharing.
HERBERT W. JORDAN.

American Competition: Both Sides of the Question.
E. T. GOOD.

ALL READERS ARE ENTITLED TO FREE INFORMATION REGARDING INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

A Specimen Copy will be sent free on application.

1/- net.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.

THE FINANCIAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS
6, Grafton Street, New Bond St., London, W.1.

"Beautifully cool and sweet smoking."

Player's Navy Cut Tobacco

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut
Player's Medium Navy Cut
Player's "Tawny" Navy Cut
} Per oz. 1/-

Player's "White Label" Navy Cut 10½d.

Also Player's Navy Cut de Luxe, a development of Player's Navy Cut, packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz. air-tight tins at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.892

TATCHO
The HAIR GROWER

A few drops of Tatcho occasionally and vigorous brushing—and you will be able to say with Mr. Geo. R. Sims—

"Look at my hair now!"

The very name of Tatcho inspires confidence. As Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the author, dramatist and philanthropist, said to the editor of the *Daily Mail*, "Look at my hair now, look at the colour. Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of Tatcho? Ladies confirm my good opinion of it."

From Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.

Mr. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by] [Lewis, Eastbourne.

For eight hours of sound refreshing sleep—a

MUSTARD BATH

A bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD or the contents of a carton of specially prepared BATH MUSTARD.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-FIFTH NUMBER

		PAGE
1. W. R. TITTERTON	The Madness of the Arts	481
2. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD	Chinese Magic (ii)	487
3. CONSTANCE MALLESON	Letters: Posted and Unposted (iv)	500
4. FORD MADOX HUEFFER	Thus to Revisit . . . (v)	506
5. ADA LEVERSON	The Blow	515

[*Contents continued on page* xiv.

XMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS

100,000 CROWNS URGENTLY NEEDED

to save curtailment of the work for the

"ARETHUSA" Training Ship

and the SHAFTESBURY HOMES at Twickenham, Bisley, Ealing, Sudbury and Royston, maintaining and training 1200 Boys and Girls.

Patrons - - THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
President - - - - - H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
Vice-President - - - - - - ADMIRAL VISCOUNT JELLICOE.
Chairman and Treasurer - - - - - C. E. MALDEN, ESQ., M.A.
Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee - - HOWSON F. DEVITT, ESQ.

Joint Secretaries.

H. BRISTOW WALLEN. HENRY G. COPELAND.

Cheques etc., should be made payable to and sent to The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

PURE WOOL BLANKETS

FOR winter coverings, light, fleecy, and warm, Heal's specially recommend their fine quality unbleached blankets. The wool escapes the impoverishment caused by bleaching, and the colour is more interesting than the traditional white. Prices:

Single Size.	Double Size.
63 × 83 - 85s. per pair.	82 × 102 - 125s. per pair.
72 × 92 - 105s. per pair.	94 × 108 - 145s. per pair.

Heal & Son Ltd

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W

CONTENTS (*continued*)

		PAGE
6. ROBERT BRIFFAULT	Aristocracy	521
7. Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY	The Fight Against Cheapness	530
8.	"The First World War"	536
9. EDWARD CECIL	The Rights of Youth	542
10. LUCIFER	The Autobiography of Margot Asquith	547
11. AUSTIN HARRISON	The God Capital and his Tribulations	552
12. THOMAS MOULT	What is a Poem?	565
13.	Books	568

CHRISTMAS TIME IS KIDDIES TIME.

Every year at Christmas our Wards are thronged with little ones who are obliged by sickness and suffering to spend what might have been for them, and is for their more fortunate fellows, *the* day of all the year, away from Home and the Yuletide joys and happiness. Many of these children are poor and needy, and sadly in want of care and attention, All deserve sympathy.

PLEASE HELP US TO GIVE THEM A GOOD TIME.

Let them share in the general rejoicing as best they can. While you plan for the happiness of your own little ones, please remember those less fortunate, and send as big a donation as you can afford to—

Gt. Northern Central Hospital

HOLLOWAY, N.

(Popularly known as the Great Northern Hospital).

Gilbert G. Panter, *Secretary.*

NEW TAILORED SHIRT

ALL our shirts are our own exclusive productions. They are exceptionally well cut from dependable materials and entirely fill the present demand for practical and becoming shirts at particularly moderate prices.

PERFECTLY TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch), made in washing striped taffeta, the long flat collar is finished with loose knot of black crêpe de Chine, small handkerchief pockets trim the fronts. In white with black stripe only.

Price 49/6

Sizes 13½ to 15.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.

A GIFT OF PROFIT.

By H. Dennis Bradley

A BITING OFFER

THE mind of the public is to-day in a state of anxious uncertainty regarding prices, and trade consequently fluctuates in an extraordinary manner. There is no stability. This is fundamentally due to political unrest, to the restriction of foreign markets, and to excessive taxation.

Let me briefly state the woollen situation. All the woollen materials for next winter (November, 1921) are already manufactured. They are now being sold to merchants, and there is no drop in price on those of 1920. West End tailoring wages are up 100 per cent. on the pre-war rate, therefore it is illogical to anticipate any appreciable reduction in the price of men's clothes until 1922—if then. These are the facts of costs.

The chief problem, however, of employers to-day, is the question of employment. And to create employment I have determined to foster production to its utmost at any personal cost. In doing so I lay no claim to philanthropy or altruism, and any apparent virtue must be distinctly qualified.

To explain: The financial year of Pope and Bradley ends on Dec. 31, and with the excessive taxation—so crushing that it has killed incentive and made development unprofitable—I am, frankly, not interested in the amount of profit made by my House this year. The Excess Profits Tax is now responsible for financial anomalies.

From now until Dec. 31, I shall disregard and forgo all profits, and make lounge suits and overcoats for my customers at actual cost price:—

Lounge Suits	- -	**£10 10 0 net cash.**
Overcoats	- -	**£8 8 0 net cash.**

These prices represent cost of materials and workmanship only, no overhead or establishment charges are included. In other words, every suit and overcoat will be actually sold at a loss until the end of 1920, but employment will be maintained at full capacity, and this is one of the vital necessities of to-day.

All the materials sold will be of the finest and most expensive quality, and the tailoring at Bond Street, at Southampton Row, and at Manchester, will be in accordance with the reputation of my House.

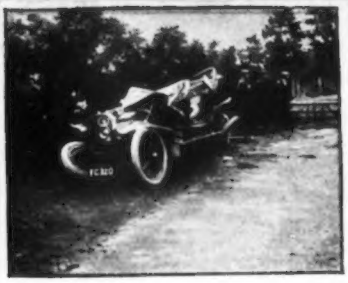
It would be economically unsound to continue to trade on such a basis, and on Jan. 1, prices must be immediately revised. Next year the Excess Profits Tax will die a belated death—killed by its own boomerang.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W C
ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

FIRE MARINE
ACCIDENT

Security
£9,304,732

P.T.O.



FOR ANY KIND OF

FIRE
ACCIDENT
MARINE

INSURANCE, APPLY TO

The London & Lancashire
Insurance Company, Ltd.

Head Offices

45 DALE STREET LIVERPOOL.

155 LEADENHALL STREET LONDON, E.C.2.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:

7. CHANCERY LANE, LONDON. W C 2.